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OTTAWA'S BEST SELECTION OF NEW AND USED VINYL

WELCOME TO THE TENTH ISSUE OF STANDARD ISSUE TRAINWRECK-OF-A-MAGAZINE!!! Yeah, it's our tenth, but in a way, it's also our first: this is the first time we didn't steal photocopies to put an issue out. Yeah, we actually paid for this one. And 2000 copies (yeah, you read that right: two thousand of these shitpieces are destined for the landfills) don't come cheap.

So how did we (a bunch of no-account bums) manage to do it? And keep STD free? Well, aside from selling ads (for waaaaay too cheap), we threw a big party and let anyone with 5 bux come! It was at **BABYLON** here in Ottawa(wesome), and a buncha STD-affiliated bands kept the kids entertained:

PREGNANCY SCARES opened the night with a devastating set of machine-gun hardcore blasts (including a cover of 'In My Eyes' that got some of the local SxE crowd — and anyone else with blood in their veins — goin nuts). Then **BIG DiCK** released their 7" (record, you pigs) with a bottom-heavy set of their monstrously catchy noise-punk. **STEVE ADAMYK BAND** finished things off mind-blowingly with a bunch of their powerpop garage punk hits.

All that and Ian "Gagaman" Manhire DJing everything from **GOVERNMENT WARNING** to **RAT TRAPS** to **ZEBRASSIERES** all through the night!

Thanks to **BABYLON** and their awesome staff! Thanks to all the bands! Thanks to the **GAGAMAN!** Thanks to everyone who came out and partied with us! Especially the drunk dude in the Cammalleri jersey who, after the show, when a cop honked at him for being in the middle of Bank St traffic, walked in front of the cruiser and stood there giving the cop shit til the cop just drove away! Classic! —Ben Jensen

STANDARD ISSUE FIRE-BREATHING HIPPY-KILLING CHILD-HATING TRAINWRECK-OF-A-MAGAZINE #10 WAS MADE BY THIS BUNCH OF SCUZZES:

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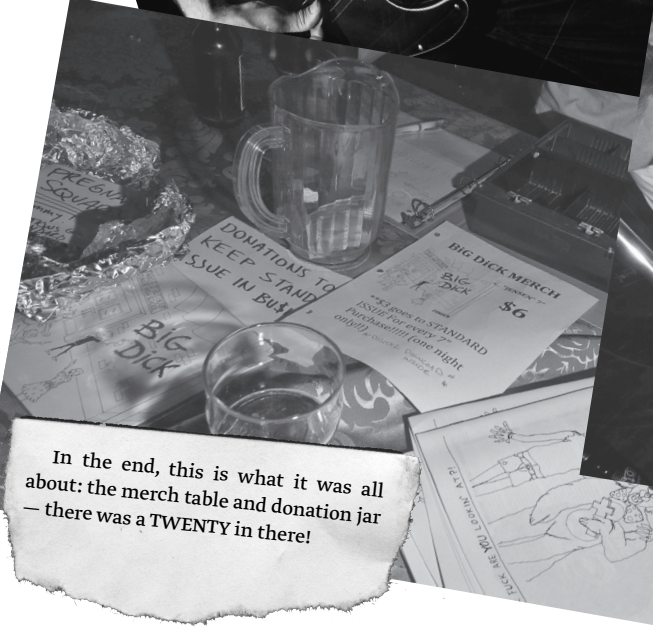
REST IN PEACE, JAY REATARD



The **STANDARD ISSUE** party was Emmanuel's first ever show as part of SAB, which meant he pulled double duty (he's also in **PREGNANCY SCARES**). And he did it all in a stylish, super-limited edition 'Standard Pissue' t-shirt (buy a Sharpie and a t-shirt and I'll make you one too).



What's a **STEVE ADAMYK BAND** without a little Steve Adamyk, am I right kids?



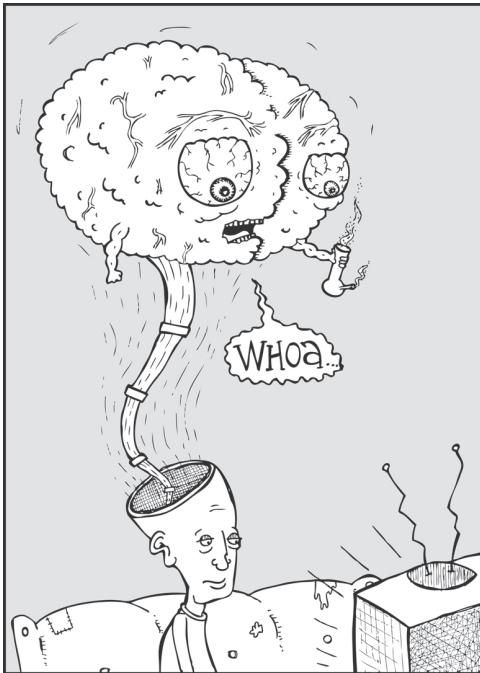
In the end, this is what it was all about: the merch table and donation jar — there was a **TWENTY** in there!

BiG DiCK's Johnny O making sure everything sounds just right for the kids in the crowd

TETRAHYDROCANEMANOL!

Written by Andrew Payne, illustrated by Curtis Delaney.

Picking movies to watch on weed is really easy. If it has moving pictures, you'll enjoy it. If it doesn't, you'll enjoy it too. Plot, script, character development and good taste do not matter here because, on weed, you are too dumb to make assessments about these higher-level movie traits. I usually pick movies that are likely to have really interesting colours or visuals.



Harry Potter and the Something something (2009)

Oh boy, oh boy, do I ever love magic. When I was six I was convinced I'd have magical powers by now. You see, I had this little scam worked out with the solar system: every night I'd wait for the first visible star—and then I'd pillage all of the wishing powers that generous little bastard star had to offer to the world. I even wished I could be magical in order to make my own wishes come true. You know: ditch that despotic star and cut out the middle man.

So you can imagine how excited I got during one of the very first scenes of Harry Potter: a seemingly normal chair magically transforms into a man! I think this was too much for my super-high brain to handle and it shut down shortly thereafter.

I woke up a little later and there were a bunch of kids walking on the walls of a library! All over the shelves and everything. This was also way too cool so I fell asleep again.

Jubilee (1978)

What happens when you mix punk and pretentious art? You get bored after 30 minutes.

I would not recommend watching this movie all at once, especially if you're sober, but there are some great scenes that are entertaining for two or three minutes. One of which is a punk girl dancing in a tutu around a daytime bonfire on the front lawn of a house. Eventually some naked dudes enter the scene and they're wearing giant heads over top of their heads—masks, if you will. There's a lot of wang in this movie but that's what you have to deal with if you want to expand your horizons.

One of the freaky main characters provided much unintentional laughter for me. He dressed exactly like you would dress if you wanted to make fun of a self-absorbed artsy guy during Halloween. He had a black uni-

tard on, a powdered face, some lipstick, and he talked softly as though from a more intelligent dimension.

Sometimes there's a quick cutaway of him standing on a bunch of rocks, creating a brilliant light flare with a mirror on his crotch. This scene speaks to everyone; who doesn't want light shooting out of their crotch?

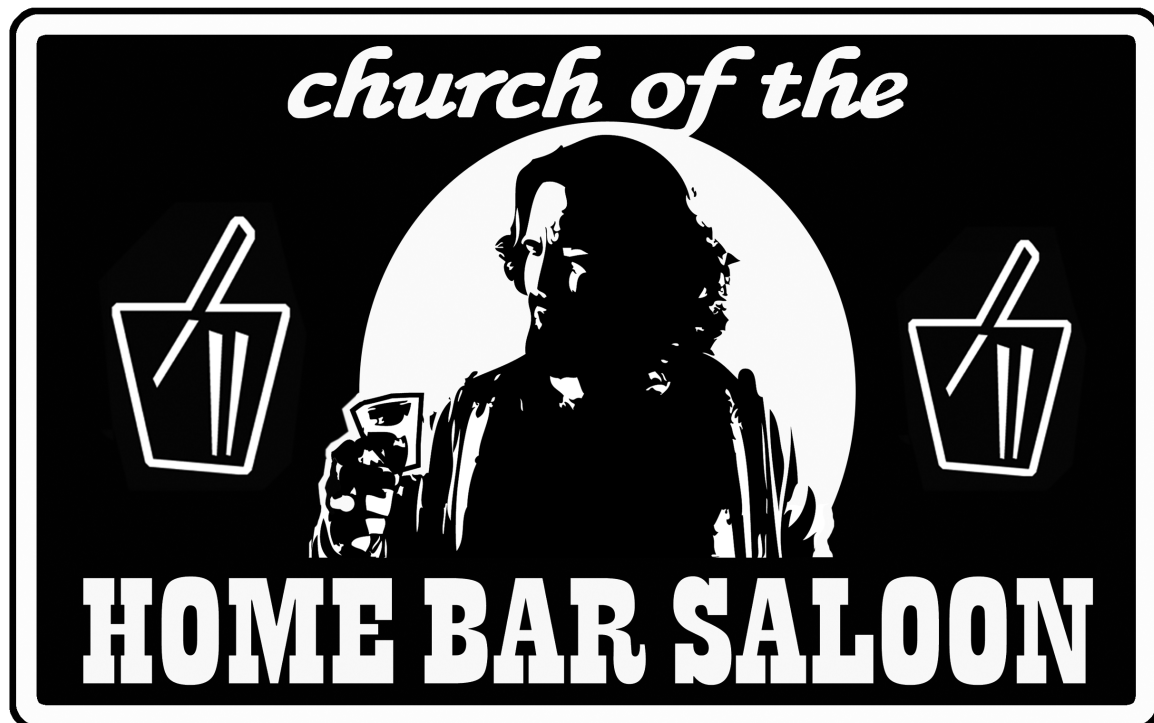
But enough of him. Let's talk about burning baby carriages, shall we? Okay. There's a scene with a baby carriage that has three feet of flames coming off the top. Pretty awesome stuff. Knowing this movie, it probably symbolized the loss of innocence in our modern, devolving world. But to me, it symbolized burning babies; something that gives me great joy to think about.

The House of the Devil (2009)

I was so scared during this movie that my body began to tingle with displeasure. Although I'm not sure if it was the movie that scared me or the two friends sitting on my couch.

Oh no, my guests weren't doing anything particularly scary, they were just sitting there. But to me, on weed, this is terrifying. At any moment they could initiate some sort of social interaction, like ask a question or maybe just look at me, and I'm not quite sure what to do when that happens.

They may ask me which character is which and I will be forced to admit that I have no idea what's going on in the movie and I have no idea who I am or who my guests are or how time works or if we can trust the universe to not implode in the next 23 minutes or whether an insane killer has been hiding in my closet all day and is waiting for me to watch a movie with my friends before he comes out or if perhaps one of my friends is actually a psychotic, Satan-loving mortal hater who has been putting on a ruse for years in order to gain my trust, get close to me and spontaneously give me a good ol' fatal stab-a-roo.

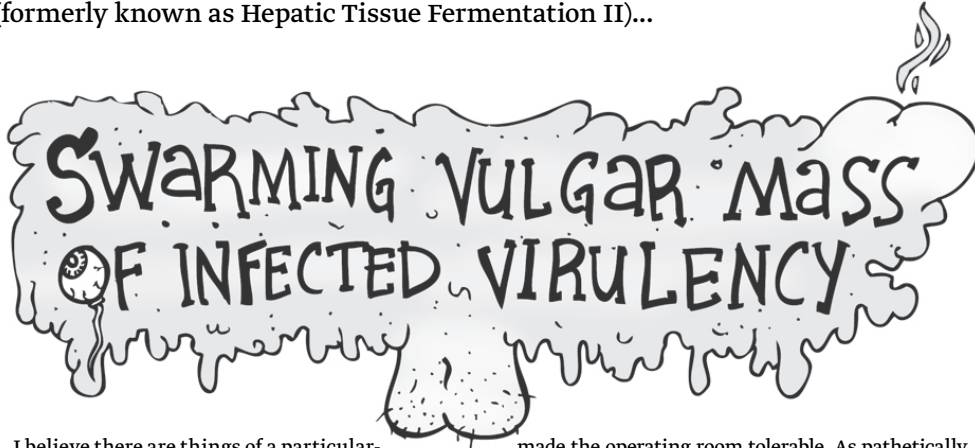


THE SANGUINE ARTICLE!

Written by Dave Williams, illustrated by Curtis Delaney.

I spent five years knee deep in AIDS-tainted blood, gangrenous flesh, and enough piss, shit, pus and vomit to give even the most seasoned gore-fiend a boner for the rest of his days. After the repeated retelling of many of my countless exploits as an operating room orderly, Emmanuel suggested I start an ongoing series of those exploits in the emblem of class and literary intellectualism that is Standard Ish. Never one to shy away from a chance to sully my already questionable character, I agreed.

I submit, for no approval, installation #2 of The Sanguine Article (formerly known as Hepatic Tissue Fermentation II)...



I believe there are things of a particularly vile nature on this Earth that, regardless of exposure-time, willpower, and/or splatter film familiarity, one simply cannot grow accustomed to. One of those things is the orgy of the senses that is a set of male genitals consumed almost entirely by a horrifyingly advanced case of necrotizing fasciitis—commonly known as flesh eating disease.

About two years into my stint in the operating room, I assumed I'd "seen it all"—or at least enough oozing fluids, decaying entrails, and mangled, disease-ridden bodies—that I'd likely remain unfazed by anything these sterile walls and ornery professionals would throw my way. Predictably, the Dark Lord had other plans.

Strolling in some 45 minutes late for my evening shift, fingers crossed that I'd be working alongside someone at least SLIGHTLY competent that evening, I heard the wonderful, familiar sound of the Spanish language delivered with an undeniably urban inflection, and came upon my partner for the evening: equally late, and even less concerned, Al was the one person who

made the operating room tolerable. As pathetically music-obsessed and work-ethically questionable as me, Al and I immediately hit it off a few months earlier when I trained him on his first weekend in the surgical suites.

"Hey, loco. They tell you we got an infected case coming in? Flesh eating disease; dude is 30 or something."

THEY hadn't told me; I'd just arrived. I don't even know how Al knew, but that guy always had an eye and an ear out. He believed his Latino heritage made him the target of countless managerial conspiracies, and his paranoia made him incredibly sensitive to the whisperings of private conversations and the sound of approaching footsteps. Very handy when one's MO is incognito time-wasting for 8 hours a day.

After some record-related chatting and Al's prerequisite tooth-brushing, the two of us tracked down the supervising nurse and confirmed the case of necrotizing fasciitis. The daytime orderlies threw a round of laughs and back-pats our way as they headed home and Al and I resentfully donned the mandated precau-

tionary attire for infected cases (envision those oldie-timey scuba suits they wore in the original 20,000 Leagues Under the Sea film and the like).

As we approached the quarantine bay, our helmets began filling with a pungent stench that no amount of disease and decomposition could have prepared us for. It had been some time since I'd been leery of seeing a patient, but it was obvious by the stomach churning, sour, festering odor that this was an unusual case.

Reluctantly we slid open the airtight door and happened upon a young gentleman who wouldn't look entirely out of place with the protagonists of FUBAR. On this guy's face was a grimace that immediately scorched itself into my memory for what I assume is time immeasurable. A look of utter, hopeless defeat combined with the stress of unbearable pain and those near-lifeless, vacant eyes instantly rid both Al and me of the arrogance and nonchalance with which we typically approached our responsibilities.

As the anesthetist made his assessments and arranged the portable monitors, the emergency room nurse explained the patient's condition and the precautions necessary during transport. Despite the distraction of the patient's animalistic, pleading moans, we listened warily and with some wonder. Then the anesthesia resident drew back the bed-sheet.

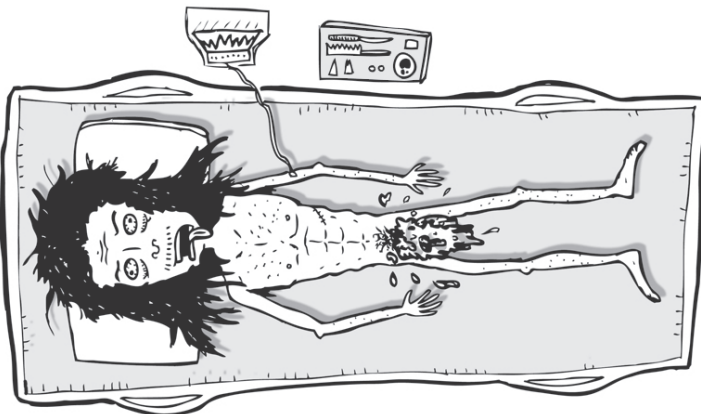
What was exposed resembled nothing I'd previously seen on a human body. There was no indication that there had even BEEN genitals between those legs. I'd fostered a mental prediction of the carnage by that point, but THIS was indescribably worse than the bloodbath I'd had in mind. In fact, there was no blood... and no penis, no scrotum, no unbagged, dangling ball, nothing of the sort. What remained was a complete nightmare. Picture, if you will, pulling apart two recently tarred and laid shingles. A thick, black, tacky substance spread liberally up the man's inner thighs and across his pubic region. Wispy, liquid tendrils reaching and clinging to leg-hair and bed-sheets... just complete devastation of masculinity, of sexuality, of quality of life. The area looked alive—pulsing, oozing, and breathing. It seemed to be eating. And really, I suppose it was. Visibly shaken, we warily made our way to surgery.

As expected, the man's hopelessness was not unfounded: the situation was beyond repair. Like many people (who'd deny themselves to death rather than make the trip to the hospital), he'd ignored his symptoms for too long. After a brief period in the operating room and a failed attempt to surgically clean the affected area, the patient was escorted via stretcher to the intensive care unit, induced into a borderline comatose state and did not return to the operating room for any further attempts or attention.

It's safe to say both Al and I started taking things a little more seriously after that night... at least for a short time thereafter. Occasionally the gravity of this particular profession gets lost in the office politics and bullshit drama that spreads throughout every workplace like a fucking disease. But nights like these remind us that not every disease should be shrugged off so easily.

Stay tuned for the next Sanguine Article!

"Hey, loco. They tell you we got an infected case coming in? Flesh eating disease; dude is 30 or something."





Interview by Morgan Cook, photo provided by INDIAN WARS

Attention fans of STRANGE BOYS, DEMON'S CLAWS & BOX ELDERS. This is your new favourite band.

I met up with three-quarters of INDIAN WARS and interviewed them on their front porch in East Van. I arrived — late, stoned and panting like a fat Chihuahua in heat — after an exceedingly slippery and uphill skate over. I pulled my shit together, shoved my tongue back into my head, and tried to get these purveyors of infectious, deep, dark, country-fried garage to tell me a thing or two.

Catch them at PIZZAFEST 2!!! in Seattle w/ SLIPPERY SLOPES, MEAN JEANS, PERSONAL AND THE PIZZAS and COCONUT COOLOUTS on July 31st.

I've been listening to the song 'Comanche Killer' on a more-than-regular basis since catching their hometown show at HONEY last fall. It's a perfect western story told with twang and reverb that puts me into a daydream instantly. And 'If You Want Me! The intro makes me bounce instantly and the first line, "I was walking in your alley" is so snarly and sweet it's an intimate experience. But what you're singing for days afterwards is "girl, I want to know if you want me/if you want me, to leave you alone". Chorus perfection. Plus there's a crunchy whistling feedback frenzy of a solo/outro that ends it all perfectly.

Brad Felotick, the lead singer and bass player, lives out in Tsawwassen and pushed out. Apparently his contribution to the interview would have focused on the subject of Kelly Slater, so instead I got Dave McMartin (guitar), John McMartin (drums) and Fraser With (guitar). Brad dates Dave and John's sister and now that they've realized that Fraser's skills complete their sound perfectly, this band is one big fucking happy family! These beer-drinking, Vancouver skaters make heart-

breaking tunes in their grandmother's garage that sound like lo-fi future-retro western soundtracks. They've got a 7" on BACHELOR RECORDS (recorded by Drew of DEAD GHOSTS) and a split with FUNGI GIRLS coming out this summer, hands down praise in MAXIMUMROCKNROLL, and an LP in the works. They've been playing shows for less than year.

How was the tour with DEAD GHOSTS?

THEM: Awesome.

JOHN: We played some really good shows and some really bad shows.

What was the best?

FRASER: KVDS radio in Davis, California [check out 'Took a Trip' on their Myspace].

JOHN: Yeah we did a radio show our first night. It was cool. It was pretty ghetto recording quality. Wasn't a proper studio or anything.

"We wanna play Budokan with CHEAP TRICK."

FRASER: It was awesome. I wouldn't say it was ghetto at all.

JOHN: No, it's not. But it wasn't what I was expecting from a radio station.

DAVE: What do you want, John? Kind of makeshift?

JOHN: The one thing I thought was really weird was that they didn't tell us when we were supposed to start playing. "Okay you're on," and then we're like "What?" Dead air for a couple seconds... Brad says something stupid... and then we start playing.

DAVE: That was a good show. That was one of the best...

How long was your set?

FRASER: Played one too many I think.

JOHN: Then we had to rush Fraser to the hospital be-

cause his arm was infected.

FRASER: My whole arm looked like a bowling pin.

DAVE: Every single time we go to the states, Fraser has a medical emergency.

Do you get travel insurance?

FRASER: My mom does. She always does what's right. Looks out for us.

What was the worst show?

DAVE: House show!

JOHN: We played this house show, there was like, I dunno, a hundred people there, it was a Tuesday in Oakland—

FRASER: Dave and I really wanted it to be a good show.

DAVE: Brad and John got super wasted.

JOHN: And Brad's like... actually I think Brad played okay but I was—

DAVE: No.

JOHN: I played really badly. We all sort of walked off. Okay, that's enough. And then Brad stayed up there saying "No! We're playing more, nobody ever does what I want!" Then he fucking disappeared into the streets of Oakland for a while and then came back super shit-faced.

DAVE: What did that guy from ROCK AND ROLL ADVENTURE KIDS say? [Extensive laughter]

JOHN: "Was that even a song?"

DAVE: He's like "that's disgraceful". Something like that.

JOHN: That was an awesome party though!

What's your ultimate goal?

What are you trying to accomplish here?

DAVE: Putting the LP out would be pretty cool.

FRASER: Brad always says our ultimate goal is to make a million dollars.

DAVE: So he can quit his fucking job.

JOHN: Yeah, I wanna go on the Japanese tour, that'd be alright.

FRASER: We wanna play Budokan with CHEAP TRICK.



By Curtis Delaney



What do you think is the biggest obstacle you've had to overcome in the time that you've been a band?

JOHN: For me, getting the guts up to get on stage. I've always been kinda like a quiet guy and I never thought that I would ever do that. And I don't really know how to play the drums so that's kinda hard.

FRASER: For me it's probably, huh... not drinking so much before shows, I guess. When I go to a show, I like to get wasted and have fun. Can't really get wasted [when you're playing].

JOHN: Especially if they're giving you free beer.

DAVE: I don't know... Yeah, like trying to continually write stuff... sometimes being busy.

JOHN: Yeah, like normal life going on all the time.

DAVE: There's no real obstacles. It's just it's fun... if anything it's a relief from "normal life".

Is there any crossover members between INDIAN WARS, DEAD GHOSTS and STUDENT TEACHER?

FRASER: No. Not at all.

But you play in BUMMER HIGH?

FRASER: Yeah, with those guys [waves arm towards two dudes on the other side of the porch who wave]. And Daniel from STUDENT TEACHER.

Is this BUMMER HIGH's first show that's coming up at FUNKY WINKER BEANS?

FRASER: Yeah.

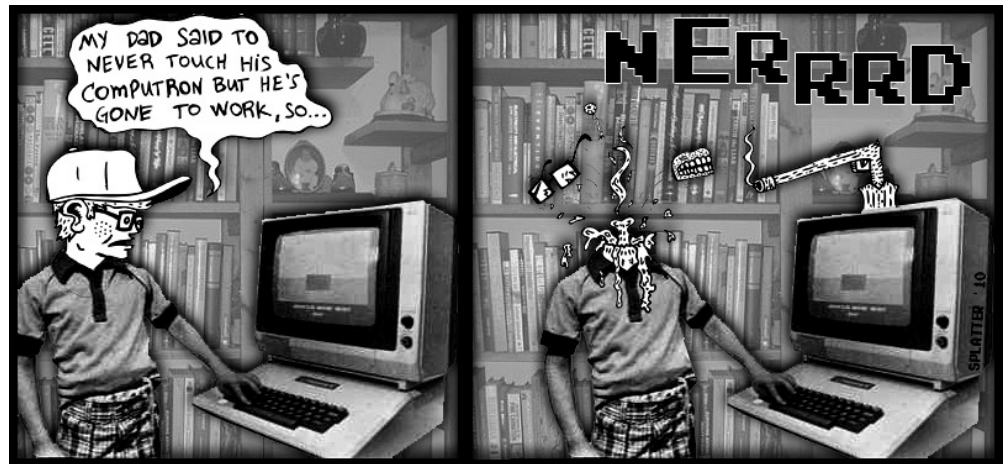
Are you excited?

FRASER: Yeah, for sure. It's going to be with STUDENT TEACHER and INDIAN WARS and it's at the greasiest bar in Vancouver!

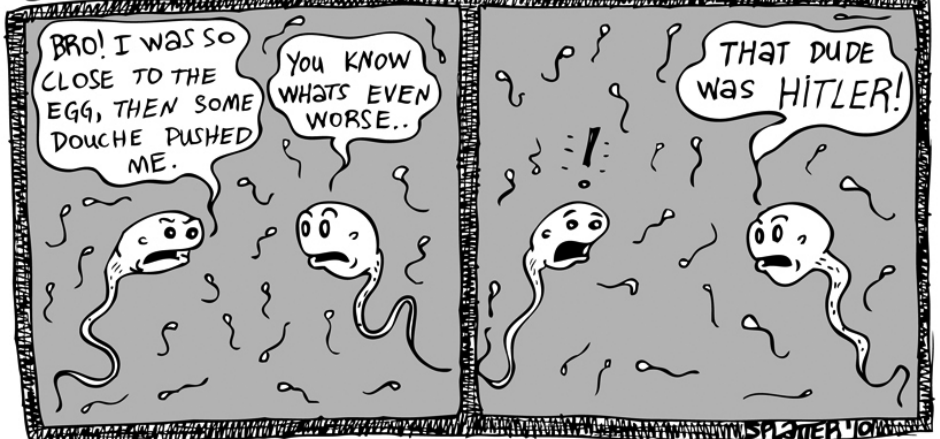
DAVE: It's gonna be a band orgy!

FRASER: It's gonna be great!

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G N A R L Y N E W S !

SOME CRAZY SHIT THAT'S BEEN IN THE NEWS LATELY.

Chinese girl, 9, becomes one of world's youngest mothers after giving birth to a baby boy

A nine-year-old Chinese schoolgirl has become one of the world's youngest mothers after giving birth to a healthy boy. The unnamed girl was brought to a hospital in Changchun, which lies in the north-east of the country, when she was eight and a half months pregnant. Two days later, she gave birth to the 6lb boy by Caesarean section, a Chinese newspaper has reported.

The child comes from the nearby town of Songyuan. Her family refused to discuss the pregnancy, but confirmed they had reported it to the police. Last night police were reportedly trying to establish who the father is. In the province, sex with a child under the age of 14 brings an automatic rape conviction and a lengthy jail sentence.

A legal expert told the paper that women under the age of 14 do not have sexual rights - 'so any argument of being consensual as a defence is completely untenable,' he said. He added: 'Anyone who had sexual relations with a girl under 14 means they have committed rape and is to be punished severely.' A hospital in China's largest city, Shanghai, recently said that about 30 per cent of abortions were on school-aged girls. The youngest reported mother in the world - and the most bizarre of all young pregnancy cases - is five-year-old Lina Medina of Peru, who gave birth to a 6lb son named Gerardo in a Caesarean operation in 1939.

Her father was arrested on suspicion of sexual abuse but was later released because of lack of evidence. In 1957 another Peruvian girl, aged nine, gave birth to a girl weighing just over 6lb and, curiously, it was in 2006 that yet another Peruvian girl, aged eight, gave birth to a 4lb 4oz girl. Several other girls aged nine, from Thailand, Singapore, Rwanda and Brazil, have also given birth. Mothers aged as young as 10 and 11 have also become an increasing occurrence. The youngest mother in Britain is believed to have been 11 when she got pregnant and 12 years old when she gave birth.

Huge island of rubbish floating off California

Oceanographers have found that a vast floating island of rubbish in the Pacific has doubled over a decade and is now nearly six times the size of Britain.

The giant waste collection, known as the "Great Pacific Garbage Patch," lies between California and Hawaii and has been gradually growing for 60 years. It contains everything from plastic bags to shampoo bottles, flip-flops, children's toys, tyres, drink cans, Frisbees and plastic swimming pools. Older debris has slowly broken down under the sun's rays into small particles, which settle and are suspended just below the ocean surface. The soupy water is heavy with toxic chemicals and the broken-down plastic particles are now turning up inside fish.

Up to 26 pieces of plastic were recently found inside a single fish and researchers have warned that the chemicals will work their way into the human food chain.

Beginning 500 miles off the Californian coast, the affected area, also known as the "plastic vortex", now constitutes the world's largest heap of rubbish. The amount of debris is estimated at up to 100 million tons.

Now there are hopes of converting the waste into fuel. A feasibility study will be undertaken using samples to be collected this summer. Volunteers from Project Kaisei, a conservation project based in San Francisco and Hong Kong, plan to send two ships into the area to bring back some of the waste.

Doug Woodring, a member of the team, compared visiting the area to "going into outer space". He said: "This is the 'quiet zone' in terms of human activity because there is no one out here working, polluting, or wasting things, yet we have still managed to leave our mark in the form of debris." Richard Pain, an Australian filmmaker, plans to cross the garbage patch in a craft made of plastic bottles to raise awareness of the problem. He said: "To the eye as you look across it, it undulates like regular ocean. But when you look down into it, it's just plastic everywhere. It's like soup."

The area is one of the world's five major ocean gyres - huge systems of rotating currents which draw in waste from thousands of miles away. Many of the plastic items floating there carry Chinese and Japanese writing, showing how far they have drifted on the currents.

THE DAILY TELEGRAPH

200 Russian tanks found abandoned in forest MOSCOW

The Russian army is embroiled in an embarrassing scandal after 200 of its tanks were found near a forest in central Russia, unguarded and unlocked.

A website near the city of Yekaterinburg posted a video of the tanks showing passers-by clambering inside and playing with empty ammunition belts. The only items that seemed to be missing were live rounds and ignition keys. "There are tanks all over the forest, abandoned," an unnamed reporter says. "If you need one, come and get it." Residents from a nearby village said the tanks had been sitting there for almost four months. The armoured vehicles were identified as a mixture of T-80 and T-72 battle tanks, the workhorses of the army.

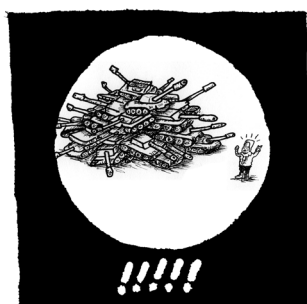
A military spokesman claimed the tanks were being guarded by special patrols and were in the process of being dispatched to a military base. Military prosecutors have opened an investigation. Wary of further bad publicity, the army has urgently begun relocating the tanks.

The scandal comes days after a top military commander suggested the country did not need half of its 20,000 tanks and might scrap older models.

THE DAILY TELEGRAPH

Nose found in car leads to the arrest of suspect POLAND

Police have arrested a 29-year-old woman whom they suspect is responsible for a hit-and-run fatality after a mechanic found a human nose jammed in the under carriage of her car. A 28-year-old man was hit and killed Monday night. The woman told the mechanics at the garage that she had hit a deer. The garage notified Warsaw police when a mechanic making repairs on the car found the human body part jammed in its undercarriage.





Interview by Steve Adamyk, photo by Pierre Richardson.

GET A LIFE LOSERS are one of the newest editions to the roster of Ottawawesome's every-growing all star punk rock lineup. You could simply label them as weird-punk, but you'd be missing something. For me, rather than bands like CHROME, BRAINBOMBS and others like that, I hear remnants of old DISCHORD bands like SHUDDER TO THINK. Either way, it's a real radical mess of punk madness that can be spastic, yet droning at other times. Hot off the heels of their Hot Dad cassette on BRUISED TONGUE RECORDS, STANDARD ISSUE flame-throwing, garbage eating, extreme-surf Magazine got a chance to talk to guitarist/vocalist Chris Bush on how GALL came to be.

This is where we introduce the band. Tell the world who you are, and who plays what.

CHRIS BUSH (guitar, vocals): Hello, world. We are Tyler, Matt and Chris. I am Chris and I play guitar and 'sing', Matt plays bass and Tyler plays the drums. Together we are called the GET A LIFE LOSERS.

At least, to me, your band seemed to show up out of thin air. I mean, I recognized a couple of you guys, but it's always delightfully refreshing to see a band full of new faces in a sometimes stagnant city like Ottawa. Were all three of you born and raised here?

I can tell you we all have complex backgrounds. I have spent most of my life here, just not exactly in the front row at shows. I know what you mean about Ottawa, though. Seems like the same people are not only attending but playing every show. That doesn't have to be a bad thing — in fact it gives Ottawa its eerie charm. It just gets boring if people stop putting the effort into making something 'new' and enjoyable to experience.

Or you get those who take making something new too far and too seriously and start writing sucky pretentious semi-autobiographical pseudo-orchestral rock operas. But that's Ottawa for you. It comes down to a relatively small group of people barely in flux who have kept the scene going and who keep the scene going. Fortunately it hasn't gone too rotten over the last year or so because bodies like BRUISED TONGUE, GOING GAGA, FINISH

WHAT YOU STARTED RECORDS, STANDARD ISSUE, ROCK & ROLL PIZZA PARTY, THE DISTRACTION, BORED TO DEATH and Ming Wu have been getting people excited, and I'm sure even more exciting people and things will appear and keep appearing.

Maybe we came out of nowhere, but the element of surprise only does so much... now I see the small scene as a good kind of limitation, as it forces you to get to the good stuff fast and for real, to get to know the audience, to go easy on cheap gimmicks, quit rolling around on stage and just keep the new material coming for people to chat by.

By the way, I wrote and recorded a rock opera in 2006. Do you know any twin sopranos?

I'm curious to hear what your main influences are, or what sound you aspire to achieve. Your tunes cross borders with post-punk, indie rock and just plain snotty, garage punk. Where's the common ground? Weird-punk, or more complicated?

Well I know Matt and Tyler are coming from the indie-rock side of things, and I am the snotty garage-punk, although I suspect I look more like the angry tortured musician at times.

THE BRUISED TONGUE tape is a significantly solid debut, and I think a real surprise to those who had yet to hear your band prior to its release. I'm curi-

ous to hear what you think about the whole tape phenomenon, most specifically cassettes vs. other formats? Or are they just alongside vinyl?

Thanks for the compliment. I love tapes, and for an independent band that doesn't like the old ways of doing things, i.e. going through mainstream labels and band contests and stuff like that, but that also doesn't like new ways of doing things, like exposing ourselves on the internet, what better medium? The tape is final and tangible, something that bands on a budget can put out for people to take home with them.

Of course you get a few special audio gems with the tape, and it's fun to play in your boombox, but I think most people download or import the songs anyway, so really we could be releasing our albums as collector dinner plates or neckties with digital download codes and people would be happy as long as they are sweet neckties.

Point being, I hope people actually use the tapes but if they don't, then at least they have a physical object that stands for our existence as a local band, and we (the BT guys, Greg Denton and Carruthers included) did it entirely ourselves from start to finish, time and work and passion being the only significant investments — very little out of our tight pockets, where making a record or CD would have cost all that plus a ton of cash, and what for?

With tapes really bringing back DIY in full force, do you take pride in recording your music yourselves? Or, is it merely something bands do because we're broke and spend all our money chasing tail?

I like the sense of immediacy with DIY stuff, like

you record it and then it's done. And there's an ethic of minimalism too. With GALL and the whole garage thing, what more is there to add? Since we play live shows, what's the use of having a recording that shows you stuff we can't really play? We can barely play what's actually on the album and it was recorded months ago in two takes.

So why spend the money? Why not record it yourself and put it out, and if people don't like it then don't make too big of a fuss about it. Spend the money on other people's tapes, or whatever. Plus recording is fun and as much of a process & performance as playing a show.

As for chasing tail, the only tail we're chasing is our own, dawg.

I saw (what I believe was) your first show at THE BRONSON HOUSE back in the winter, and I've only seen GET A LIFE LOSERS a few times since. That being said, I have missed a show or two, so I'm not exactly trying to suck your dicks. Point being, as a "new band" do you feel pressure to grab every show that's offered to you, out of a sense of urgency that most new bands have? Or, are you intentionally trying to keep gaps of time in between them? Or is it even conscious?

I have read your question many times but I'm still not sure — you are trying to suck our dicks?

Chris, you're very tall. How come the other members in the band aren't as tall as you?

As a matter of fact, Matt is taller than I am. We had a back-to-back tall contest once and he won by just a couple inches. I could have had him, too...

You've essentially played the majority of decent venues this city has to offer (big joke). Even though it can be the same audience, do you prefer a basement, house-show vibe to a professional club?

A venue is what you make it; so as long as the people are into it then the venue will be decent. The basement is tricky but people have been pulling it off for years in Ottawa. We have played in basements and living rooms and shitty bars and good bars and it's all the same when the music's loud. I'm looking forward to playing that stage at 9lub NIXNE next month where we can shake up and down the mezza9.

If your band broke up, you quit music for good and were forced to be really "in" to something, what would it be? UFC?

What is it about quitting music? [Music]'s just something you do while other people stand around and chat. I think it's the "artist" thing we sometimes take too far, which makes us say we're gonna 'quit music' then become a recluse for weeks or even months at a time.

To answer your question though I would get into foxy boxing... wait I am already really into foxy boxing.

What are long term goals for GALL? Any touring plans or future releases in the works?

You can expect to see more of us in the near-, mid- and long-distant future, whether as GALL (now complicated because Matt has moved on to Toronto) or something else. I'm playing the Rock & Roll Pizza Prom with some pals, more details about that online, and when we do our next thing you will probably hear about it.

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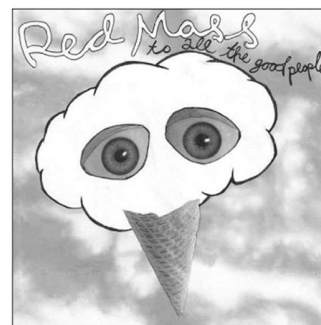
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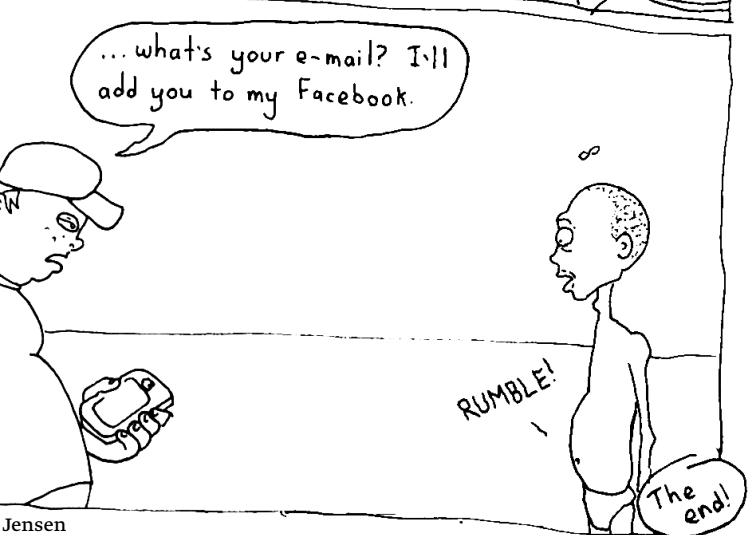
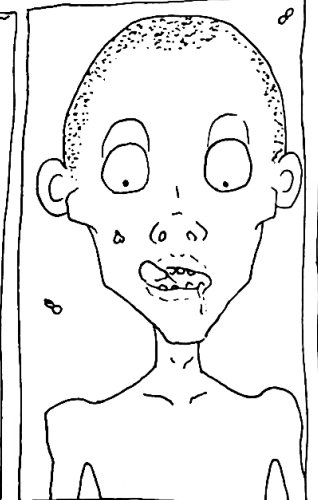
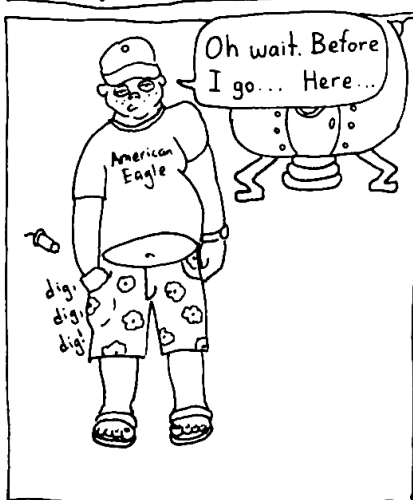
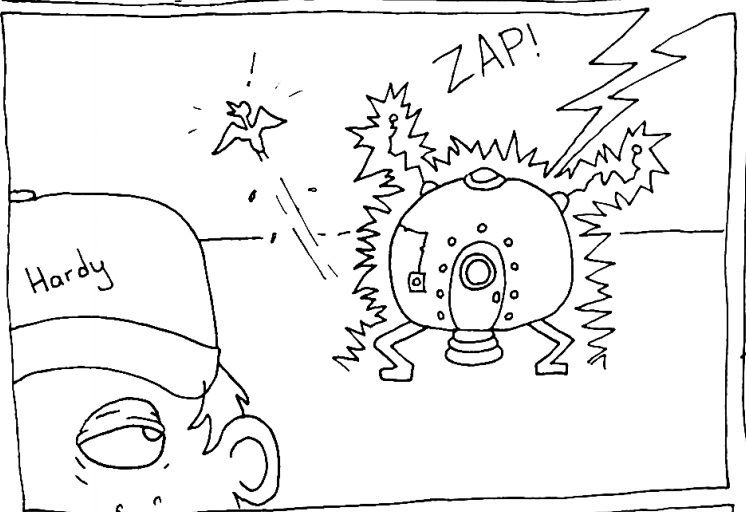
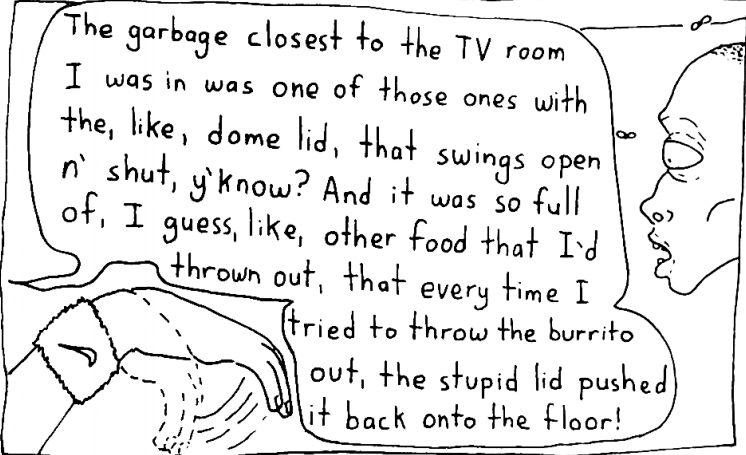
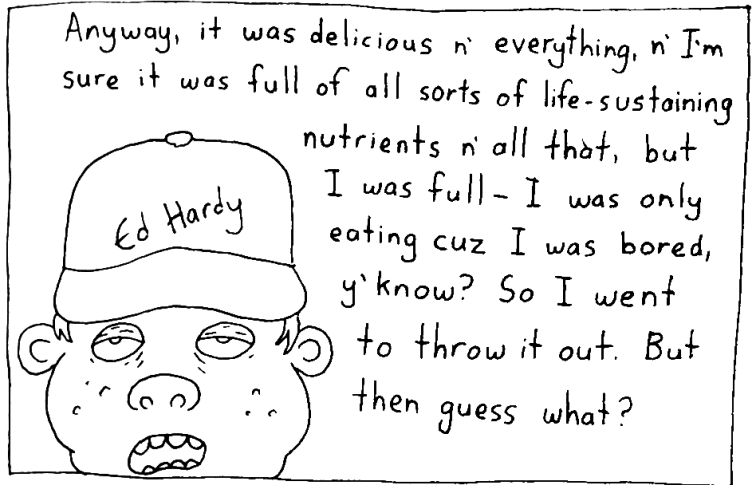
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FIRST WORLD PROBLEMS!



HOW TO SHRINK HEADS!

Written and illustrated by Ben Jensen.

ASS-COVERING DISCLAIMER: Hey, listen: this article — like everything else we do here at STANDARD ISSUE — is for educational purposes only. Just cuz we're gonna tell you how to cut off your enemy's head and shrink it into some kind of gruesome shriveled trophy that'd look cool on your bike or hanging around your neck and would get you chicks and make your life awesome, it does NOT mean you little creeps should go ahead and do it in real life.

And lemme tell ya: that kinda behaviour is generally frowned upon. In fact, it might even be illegal. At the very least, I'm sure it'll maybe affect your credit rating or something. I know that might not matter much to you right now, but wait and see how much of a "no biggie" you think it is in a few years when your girlfriend's pissed cuz you're trying to buy a house but your credit's fucked... all because one night when you were 16, you and your buddies got all grandma's-Schnapps'ed up and decided to shrink someone's head.

And if that DOES happen and you get caught, we don't need you telling 'em you learned this in STANDARD ISSUE. That happens, next thing you know, we've got your mom and 12 lawyers knocking on our door and taking us for all we got — and we need that 20 bucks for pizza and beer. So no head shrinking. Or at least no snitches. Got it?

THE ARTICLE: Okay, here's how you shrink heads.

There were a few Jivaro Indian tribes in the Amazonian rain forests who shrunk heads, but the Shuar of Ecuador were definitely the most famous for it and probably went at it harder than anybody, so we're gonna "learn from the best" and focus on that tribe and their method, okay?

The first thing you need to make a shrunken head (or *tsantsa* as the Shuar called it) is a human head. You're not gonna find one of these on the shelf at Whole Foods, you pussy. You gotta take it from a human. And it's gotta be an enemy human, cuz the whole point of shrinking a head is to appease your ancestors and to trap your enemy's vengeful spirit. Also, cutting someone's head off is almost always fatal, so we don't need any cool people getting their heads cut off. Heroin, suicide, and 'death by misadventure' are all killing more than enough cool people as it is; we don't need headhunting adding to the problem.

The Shuar would use the heads of enemy tribesmen, and they'd usually get them in blitz attacks on their camps. After felling one of the enemy tribe on the battlefield, the Shuar killer would rush to cut off his victim's head — he'd wanna hurry, cuz the Shuar didn't wanna wait around for the enemy tribe to counterattack, and sometimes they were in such a hurry, they'd cut off the head without even waiting for the victim to die. Besides, a fresh head is best for trapping a soul. Even a dumb stupid moron knows that.

When removing the head, the Shuar warrior would start making his cut at his victim's upper torso, so there'd be a drape of extra skin hanging from the neck, like a cute little skin shawl.

Then he'd untie his woven headband and—by shoving it down the victim's throat and through the neck hole to make a strap—he'd wear the bloody, severed head over his shoulder to make his escape easier. So if you thought those tiny leather backpacks middle-aged French Canadian soccer moms still seem to like so much were the most disgusting things on a strap, you're ALMOST wrong.

Once in a safe spot by the river, the killer would take the head and cut a slit in the skin right up the back of the head from the base of the neck to the crown. Then he'd carefully peel the skin and hair off the skull. He'd chuck the skull and brain into the river as a gift to the pani, the spirit of the anaconda, which just goes to show you that the Shuar warriors were actually pretty nice guys if you got to know them.

The next step is to seal up the eyes and the mouth. The eyes would be stuffed with little red seeds before being sewn up with native fibers, and the mouth would get skewered shut with three little wooden pegs. After that, the Shuar warrior would turn his victim's head skin inside out and start scraping off any fatty tissue with a knife.

Next, the head is turned right side out again and put in a sacred boiling pot to simmer in a mixture of water, berries and tannin-carrying herbs for about one and a half to two hours... if it's left in there any longer, the hair would fall out and you'd look like some kinda jerk amateur. After it's taken out, the head's leathery from the tannins, blue from the berries, and about one third its original size from the heat.

One third is pretty small, but it's not small enough. So at this point, that slit in the back is sewn up, and hot pebbles are poured down the neck hole to shrink the head further. This shrinking stage is a little more hands-on than the boiling stage: you gotta keep shaking the hot stones around in the head so they don't scorch it, and you also gotta keep kneading and molding the loose face skin so the head keeps its owner's facial features.

Keep adding hot stones until you can't fit anymore, then fill in the cracks with hot sand. Use hot stones on the outside of the face too, to seal and shape it. You don't want the skin to crack though, so keep rubbing it with ber-

ries, charcoal and ash... besides, those'll also help to seal in the enemy's vengeful spirit (the *musiak*) so it won't hassle you or the spirits of your dead ancestors. IT IS REALLY IMPORTANT THAT YOU DON'T LET THE VICTIM'S SPIRIT FUCK WITH YOU OR YOUR DEAD ANCESTORS!

Once the head's down to a good size (about the size of a man's fist), it's time to hang it over a fire; the smoke'll harden and blacken it. Dry the lips with a heated machete, then replace those three wooden pegs you pierced them with with long, dangling strings. Give it a haircut if you like; it's YOUR *tsantsa* — express yourself. BEDAZZLE that shit, I don't care.

And that's it. You're done. Traditionally, there's a series of drunkfest booze parties that the Shuar would throw after making a *tsantsa*, so go ahead and do that. Why not, right? You've earned it.

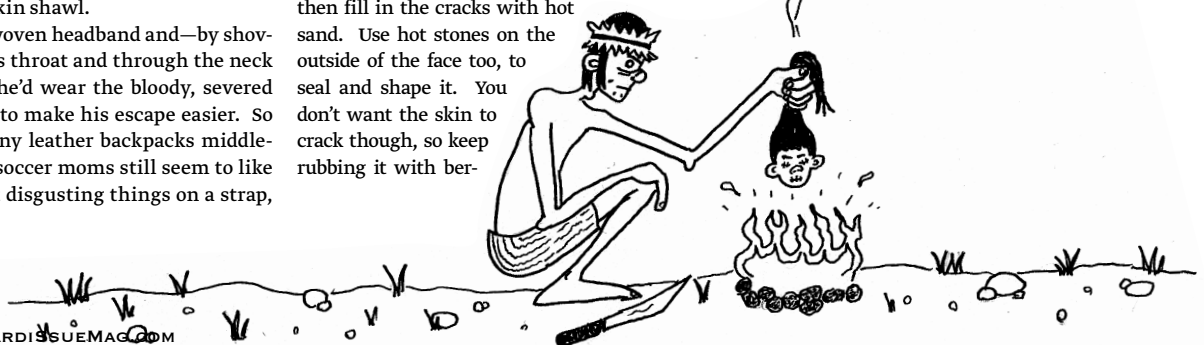
(If you're not into all the work involved in making a shrunken head, an alternative is to just search E-Bay for Madballs (remember, those?), buy one and then get drunk.)

ASS-COVERING SUMMARY: This is the end of the article. And that means, now that we've gotten our cheap thrills outta the Shuar and their disgusting head-shrinking, it's time for a conscience-clearing sermon where, in the interests of political correctness, I make it clear that the Shuar don't decapitate people and shrink their heads anymore, and explain everything away to the point where it doesn't even seem like what they were doing was savage at all -- maybe even like it was NOBLE or some shit. Cuz that's what we white people are supposed to do.

But why should I? That shit WAS savage. The Shuar people WERE savage. But so what? Every single race on the goddam PLANET used to be savages. Whether it's burning "witches", eating people, sacrificing virgins, or worshipping some vengeful old anti-choice homophobe in the sky, every people's done some serious dirt somewhere in the past. It's human nature. Our default setting is 'violent, superstitious savage'.

In fact, if you took a bunch of new-agey, pony-tailed, fair-trade frappuccino-sucking yuppies off a downtown sidewalk, ripped off their Bluetooths and Q-Ray bracelets and threw 'em into the jungle with nothing but a loincloth each, five minutes wouldn't go by before they'd start throwing each other into live volcanoes as punishment for 'casting spells'.

So I'm not gonna end this article by saying needlessly nice things about the Shuar. Cuz the whole point is: When you get right down to it, every race, tribe, group, or whatever is just as shitty and just as awesome as the next.





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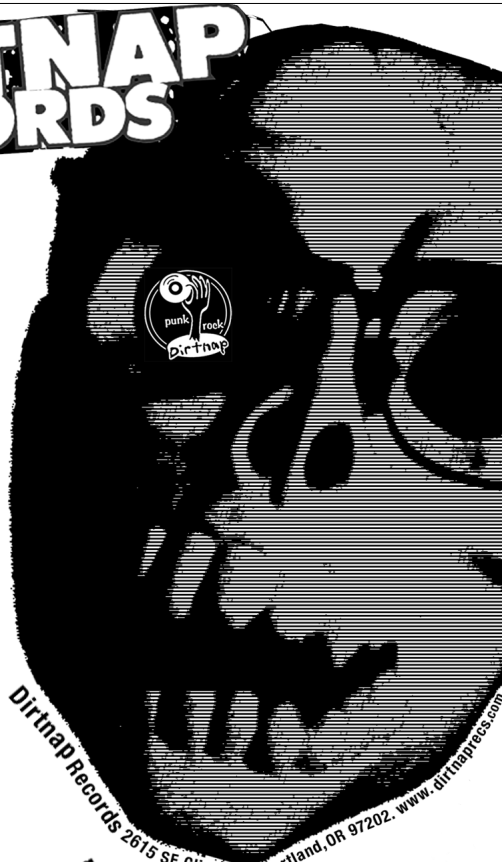
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DIRTY
DONNY!



Interview by Dave Williams, intro by Ben Jensen, photo by Sharron Kozik, drawings by Dirty Donny (duh)

Dirty Donny's an Ottawa boy done good. Several years ago, he left our ridiculously bad climate for the sunny docks of San Francisco, where he's managed to make a living as a lowbrow cartoonist to the stars, and not-so-stars alike. While you're dragging your carcass outta bed every morning to go flip burgers or make spreadsheets or turn tricks, Donny's getting up so he can get back to drawing and painting all sorts of awesome monsters, creeps, fiends, weirdoes, hot rods, skateboards, switchblades, guitars, bloodshot eyes, drooly tongues and shrunk heads for everyone from METALLICA to the HELLACOPIERS to STANDARD ISSUE (yeah, for real, he's the guy that made our logo).

I can't think of many people who manage to put food on the table doing something they love, but one look at Donny's art and you can see how he's managed to pull it off. Dude can fuckin DRAW.

Now let's listen in as Dave Williams and Donny talk cartooning and catch up on old times. - BEN JENSEN

What are your favourite things to draw?

Like flower pots and rusty bicycles; the exciting stuff.

What do you think you suck at drawing?

No way man, loaded question.

Who are your favourite artists?

I love a lot of 50's/60's/70's pop-culture stuff like Ray Harryhausen, pinball artists Dave Christensen and Gordon Morison, Ed Roth, Bill Campbell, Jack Kirby, Norman Saunders, Frank Frazetta... the list goes on and on.

What kind of pens, paper and shit do you usually use?

I use all kinds of "shit," Dave Williams. I use paint guns, airbrush, ink pens and inking brushes.

How many people do you think are out there with Dirty Donny art tattooed on them?

I've seen a bunch. My buddy, tattoo artist Jeff Raiser is helping me design a set of flash right now.

I don't know if I ever told you this, but my first "punk show" ever was seeing MOTEL 9 and PUNCHBUGGY at the Greely Legion. I can't remember who else played, but I do remember thinking that MOTEL 9 was the best band I had ever heard. It was the mid-90s, so it was okay to like rap-metal or rap-hardcore or whatever you guys were shooting for. Tell our readers about the genius that was MOTEL 9... and PPKKBB and GRUMP.

MOTEL 9 was one band I was in, it was fun for a while. Derek, one of the singers, he just passed away. RIP, Derek! I was actually going to paint his Harley this winter; he was a good cat.

Rap metal's pretty lame but we did a kick-ass job of it. We covered THE BUTTHOLE SURFERS and VAN HALEN, dressed up like idiots, and drank a lot of free beer. I got bored and quit. Soon after, started MIDDLE FINGER

with my pal Scott Bristow. We only ever played two shows, one show being the Tom Green Show. The band didn't last long, we broke up and Scott passed away shortly after. That's when I stopped being in bands and started DIRTY MAGAZINE and drawing more. I don't play music anymore, I just got sick of dealing, you know? Now I'm the boss of my shit.

"We covered THE BUTTHOLE SURFERS and VAN HALEN, dressed up like idiots, and drank a lot of free beer."

My first introduction to you as an artist was when I was about 15 years old, hanging in my good pal (and your cousin) Steve Schafer's bedroom in his old house in Osgoode, listening to your vinyl copy of CITIZENS ARREST's Colossus, reading DIRTY MAGAZINE and feeling just a little bit like we probably shouldn't be reading that filth. DIRTY was a joint effort between you and local heartthrob Luke Nuclear, am I right?

Funny, I got that record from Scott of MIDDLE FINGER; I think I still have it unless I gave it to Steve. Luke helped out a ton with the DIRTY and so did my friend Trevor Borrens. You guys should put some of Trev's comics in SI. People need to see them. They are the best things ever. DIRTY was great for its time. It's what we were all doing, drawing, and thinking before everyone was online.

With a little investigatory journalism, one might find some of your aforementioned (and subsequently denied) old bands on the infamous Coldmilkheadache compilation. If that comp is any indication, Ottawa's "punk" scene was pretty eclectic in the early-to-mid '90s. I mean, it wasn't weird for one of your bands to be playing alongside, say, ELECTRIC EMBRYO or FROG or BRANDON WALSH or even FURNACEFACE.

I don't know if you would call it 'infamous'. More like 'embarrassing' [Laughs].

The Ottawa music scene is much, MUCH better now with all the bands you guys are in— Brad, Luke and the other MILLION DOLLAR MARXISTS guys. All you coneheads are doing a great job, keep Ottawa retarded!

After spending your young life in Ottawa you decided to make the move to Montreal. What inspired that move? More importantly, what was it that later took you to San Francisco?

At the time, Montreal living was dirt-cheap. I knew if I moved there I could really get down to business with my art. I was there for five years, my place was \$350 a month— can you believe that?! So I was able to get a lot of work done. Each year got a little better. I had my sights set on San Francisco and knew it was just a matter of time. I came here [SF] to visit in '02 and came back home with more money than I left with. On that trip I also met Kirk Hammett from METALLICA who asked me if I was into doing three large murals in their practice space. I knew it was time.



Donny with his 1969 Plymouth Satellite 440 that he built and restored

On a quick perusal of your website, one notices you rubbing elbows with some pretty notable celebs as well as the whole pile of Dirty Donny artwork throughout the METALLICA rehearsal space. I'm sure the loyal STANDARD ISSUE fan base is asking itself "How the fuck did that happen?"

"METALLICA invited me to their studio. Lars made me scrambled eggs."

My friend Chip is a roadie for METALLICA and a fan of my art. He showed Kirk some of my stuff. When I was visiting they invited me to their studio. Lars made me scrambled eggs. So, that began a six-month period of non-stop artwork, designs, pinstripping, etc. I've been doing art for them ever since.

Love METALLICA or hate 'em, they are one of the top five largest touring bands in the world and this, my friends, is a dream gig for a freelance artist like me. They were also super cool and respected my work so it was a lot of fun to be there. It was also when they were shooting the Some Kind Of Monster film. I had to sign a waiver saying that I might be in the film, but I never made it in— my art did, though.

I think one of the coolest things about that winter was hanging out with producer Bob Rock (Canadian!) driving around in his lil '55 and hanging with Pepper Keenan from COC. So dere you have it.

You're also pals with the dudes who were in one of the world's greatest bands of all time, THE HELLACOPTERS. This makes me want to hug you and punch you. Although, thanks to you, I did get to ride around San Francisco in Sean Penn's Dodge Dart right after THE HELLACOPTERS sat in that very same

seat, so I'll keep it to just a hug. How did you hook up with those handsome Swedish sons-of-guns?

Nicke e-mailed me about doing a cover for THE HELLACOPTERS' best of album Air Raid Serenades. I was stoked, as they are one of my favorite bands. Ya, we had Sean Penn's '68 Dodge Dart from the movie The Assassination Of Richard Nixon. Nicke called me when they were in town and we drove around in the Dart. My friend Jamin owns it now. I've since upgraded to my big block '69 Satellite.

I ended up doing a bunch of work for them— the posters for their last three shows, their 'Last Tour' t-shirt, and a few other shirts. Amazing band, a shame they broke up. Maybe they felt it was best though. I still talk to them.

So what do you do in your personal life down in California? You and your incredibly lovely wife Oriana just returned from a quick trip up to Canada. What's on the horizon for Dirty Donny in the foreseeable future?

Personal life down in California? Pretty much doing art, working on and driving my car and hanging out with Oriana. Collecting weird junk, cooking food, hanging out with friends, doing fun projects... There's a lot going on here: shows, bands, art, and the best flea market ever. I did that mini-tour in Canada, which was a screaming success and couldn't have happened without help from my old pal Luke Martin. Ottawa, by the way, was incredible! Thank you all for coming out. The other shows were great but Ottawa was by far the best! We will be back for more stuff in the future.

Awesome! Glad to hear it! Thanks, Donny!
No, thank you! Keep in touch!

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NEW DISEASES!

Written by the Standard Issue Street Gang (Curtis Delaney, Sarah Ford, Ben Jensen, Ian Manhire, Kyle Pellet, Craig Proulx, Pierre Richardson, Dave Secretary). Illustrated by Curtis Delaney.



As if life's not hard enough as it is with the celebrity divorce rate and the death panels, now here's a bunch of new diseases we discovered in our labs! Watch out for these.

It's amazing how many of them have to do with genitals and going to the bathroom...

ALCOHOL INTOLERANCE: Weird, rare, sad disease where — after drinking a bunch of alcohol — the sufferer gets sloppy, smelly, loud, stupid, belligerent and/or annoying instead of charming, witty and handsome like most guys get when they're drunk.

ALCOHOLZHEIMERS: Also known as Recurring Blackout Syndrome.

ANAL BULIMIA: Eight-to-twelve hours after you eat anything, you force yourself to poop.

ASSBLASTOMYCOSIS: Every fart is a wet fart.

ASSBOOBS DISEASE: Nipple-like sores grow in the center of each butt cheek, causing a striking boob-like appearance.

BACTERIAL BONER BULGE: A bacteria grows on your upper leg making it look like you have a boner through your pants.

BASEMENT FIST: Victim's fist is left all bloody and gnarly after a basement show with particularly awesome bands and a particularly low ceiling.

BEARD(ED) CRABS: These crabs live on your beard and they also have beards.

BEER FLU: Pretty common ailment where, inexplicably and probably coincidentally, the sufferer wakes up feeling shitty the morning after drinking six beers or more. Only known surefire cure is failing to show up for work that day. Related to whiskey flu, which, in extreme cases, can only be cured by quitting your job entirely.

BREACHED DUMP DISORDER: Extremely painful condition where sufferer's poos come out sideways.

CHRONIC STRAIGHT-EDGE-ITIS: Any case of straightedge-itis lasting 3 minutes past the age of majority is considered chronic. Thankfully, this condition is extremely rare.

CHRONIC WETPANTANITIS: Drinking too much water before bed time makes you dream about it, and then you wake up, and it's true.

CRATE FINGERS: Where your index and 'fuck you' fingers get insanely muscular by obsessively flipping through record crates, but your other two are left to shrivel and wither until they finally fall off into your soup and you eat them without even noticing.

DJMENTIA: Where anyone with an iPod thinks they're a DJ all of a sudden.

EXTREME AURAL RETARDATION (EAR): Sufferer is caused to believe bands who 'made it big on Myspace' and have merch at Hot Topic sound good. Sufferers need to be brought to a vet and put down.

FACE UDDERS: Pimples so big and oozy, your face looks like it's growing cow teats.

FEELIACS DISEASE: A condition whereby the affected just can't stop touching everybody.

FLESH-EATING DISEASE: When you eat too much delicious human flesh and get a tummy ache.

GAYLORD COX DISORDER: Where the sufferer's "totally not gay", but for some reason, his PENIS secretly is. Named after the first sufferer on record, avid hunter and greco-roman wrestler Sir Gaylord Cox, this disease remains prevalent in homophobic frat boy jocks.

HAMROIDS: This is what you get when you sit on a pizza.

HANGFINGERS: Like a hangnail, but your entire finger, and contagious.

HEPATIGHTIES: A disease which resembles Hepatitis, caused by the borrowing of dirty undergarments.

INTOLERABLE LACTOSE DISORDER: Not sure what this could be, but something to do with overproducing milk / producing foul-smelling milk/ guys producing milk/ uncontrollably secreting milk etc...

IRRITABLE SOW SYNDROME: When you eat too much pork and can't stop shitting bacon everywhere.

JEANOREXIA: A mental disorder that causes the sufferer to always think his jeans are too baggy, no matter how painted-on they look. Extreme cases have seen people go to Bolivia to get underground, unlicensed surgeons to remove their leg bones, creating a slimmer look.

LAZY LAZY EYE: When your lazy eye's too lazy to go lazy and it just looks normal — now that's a lazy eye! Am I right, people?

LEGPITS DISEASE: Where the backs of your knees grow hair and sweat a lot. Sufferer has to buy twice as much deodorant, which is a major budget bummer.

LIFE DISEASE: Every second the sufferer is alive brings him that much closer to death. EXTREMELY contagious. Passed from the mother during childbirth. 100% fatal.

LEPROSY OF THE BALLS: The JONAS BROTHERS have this. So do STEREOS. Oh, BROKENCYDE too. And VAMPIRE WEEKEND. It's actually pretty common.

MALE PATTERN CUMSTACHE: What's generally referred to as "Salt and Pepper" when hair goes white on the head, but looks less like salt and pepper, and more like cum and facial hair when it happens on the region of hair directly above the lip.

MUSCULAR DISTRO-FEES: The condition whereby powerful and superior (but smaller) punk rock record labels lose money on purpose so that the best subterranean records can be made available to those who care.

NIGERIA-ITIS: When you turn into a benevolent, wealthy prince and try to give money away to random people via e-mail.

OSTEOPEROGIES: If you spend too much time in boiling water, your bones can turn into this.

PEEARRHEA: Like diarrhea but with peeing. "I missed the show last night cuz I had peearrhea so bad, I was standing in front of the toilet all night."

POOISS DISORDER: When you pee poo and poo pee.

PUSSYFOOT DISORDER: AKA Estrogenitis Of The Foot, AKA Rollerblading.

SCATARACTS: A permanent state of blindness caused by airborne feces.

SHERPA BOSOM: When a girl's boobs look like they've been dragged around all day long. Related to Sherpa Balls.

SHIT FOOT: A mental condition where a rider on a longboard thinks he is the best, even though he is skating mongo on a longboard, which is actually a lot more like being the worst.

TACO FEVER: When you sweat, it smells like seasoned beef.

WHAT-IS-GOING-ON-HERE-I-SWEAR-I-USUALLY-LAND-THESE-ITIS: Y'know the guy at the skatepark who keeps "trying" the same trick over and over and never comes anywhere near landing with his feet on the board, but makes a big show of bewildered frustration every time anyway to try to make everyone think he's actually TRYING to land them (he's not), and can NORMALLY land them (he can't), but no one falls for it OR gives a shit? This is what that guy has.



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Interview by Ben Jensen, photos provided by MEAN JEANS, drawings ripped from MEAN JEANS album art.

This dirtbag rag we call a zine exposes itself to the world about once every three months, and each time it's got about two, maybe three band interviews in it. So if you do the math, that's not a whole lot of band interviews in a year. I didn't actually do the math, and neither should you, cuz math's for nerds, but I'm sure it's not a lot.

So we gotta make sure every interview's with a band that's awesome, cuz we don't have time or space or brain cells to waste on interviews with bands that are less than awesome.

Enter MEAN JEANS. MEAN JEANS is the perfect choice for an interview. Pretty much everybody in the STD Street Gang is goin' apeshit over these Portland party punks. Their secret to song writing seems to be: have everything (guitar, bass, drums, vocals, lyrics) always being awesome all the time. This is fast, catchy punk rock with hilarious lyrics that owes as much to early pop-punk bands as it does to the out-of-control house party scene that was in every '80s teen movie.

So, if you like your pop-punk minus the slick mall-rat aspects that have taken it over PLUS an extra couple shots of degeneracy, and you're STILL not check-

ing out the MEAN JEANS, you are officially sleepin on this shit. Hopefully, for your sake, this interview'll be what wakes you the fuck up, cuz the sooner you do, the less retarded you'll feel.

What does it mean to 'put on your mean jeans'? Is that like 'party mode'?

BILLY JEANS: (guitar, lead vocals): Mean Jeans is actually a denim backpack company.

JEANS WILDER: (drums, vocals): What do you mean 'jeans'?

HOWIE DOODAT: (bass): 'Party mode' — I like that.

Is it just me, or do a lot of people today not know what a REAL party is? A lot of people CLAIM to be partying, but they're usually just sitting on their ass, passively drinking stuff — that's not partying.

Do you guys have any tips for knowing A: what an awesome party is and B: how to party?

BJ: 'If you don't smoke weed by now, you will never ever ever smoke weed' — Teddy Pendergrass or SIMPLY RED or somethin'?

JW: When possible, put your thumb through your beer and shotgun it with friends. It's funner and messier and therefore more partyer.

HD: An awesome party is one where you don't black out. How to party: don't black out.

I sent Ken Dirtnap an e-mail asking him if he could think of anything I should ask you guys. He said I should ask you about the bowling alley massacre. So tell me about the bowling alley massacre.

JW: We played at the local lanes. We got all dressed up for the occasion, glitter and all. We played on

a little platform in the middle of the lanes while people bowled, which was pretty sweet. But then the "crowd" got "rowdy" and "bum"-rushed the "stage". The "establishment" didn't like that ONE "BIT". So basically it was like a back-and-forth where we would play 15 seconds and then get shut off, then they would say we could play more if we behaved, then we played another 15 seconds and then got shut off and so on and repeat and so forth. Which is eerily similar to the way I have sex.

What's best to play a show at: a bowling alley or a burger place?

JW: I'd have to say bowling alley. Better acoustics. We strive for the best sound possible at all times. That's why we endorse Shure® Personal In-Ear Monitors, available at your local Guitar Center!

HD: If the bowling alley has french fries, then it doesn't matter.

What would be your all-time dream venue for a MEAN JEANS show?

BJ: Goals of mine are to do a national Taco Bell tour, play underwater, and to play inside a Johnny Ryan comic.

JW: I second the JR comic. I would also add playing on the set of the original Tron, and maybe playing in the orchestra pit at an IMAX 3D showing of Hubble.

HD: On your grave.



Sensitive readers avert your eyes, it's the BOWLING ALLEY MASSACRE! / MEAN JEANS at PISSED OFF PETE'S in San Francisco. / Billy Jeans gettin hassled by the bowling police.



What can people expect at a MEAN JEANS show?

BJ: Three drunk guys in 3-D

JW: 3-D's nuts... All our shows are BYO3DG (Bring Your Own 3-D Glasses).

HD: Me hitting on your girlfriend.

I know this is a real tough question, so to take the pressure off, I'm gonna ask you to answer it like there's a gun to your head and you only have 30 seconds to come up with the answer off the top of your head (which has a gun pointed at it, remember, so don't over-think it, just start naming shit): What are the five most awesome things in the world?

BJ: Slime, Slip and Slides, Keystone Light, tubing, rock n roll.

JW: Mountain Dew, Live, pickles, Crash Test Dummies, and space (although that is OUT of this world).

HD: Boobs, pizza, french fries, lasagna, and boobs.



Now how about the five shittiest things?

BJ: Everything, the world, people on TV, websites, people.

JW: Constipation, hemorrhoids, Picking Up Dog Shit, People talking shit, Aerosmith's Greatest Hits and Capitalizing Shit.

HD: Banks, lawyers, taxes, police, critics.

Back to partying. Any of you MEAN JEANS got some crazy party stories? Any party scars? Any particularly awesome parties? Hijinx?

BJ: Well, if you are always partying, then every story is a party story — you follow? Last weekend, we were scheduled to play an eviction party that went so outta

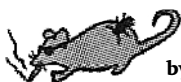


control it was on the news, but 12 firetrucks and cop cars showed up before we could shred it up, no shit.

[<http://southeastportland.katu.com/content/crowd-targets-52nd-ave-home> → Check it out for yourself, kids. —Ed.]

JW: We played a show in Baltimore with 2 LIVE CREW, there was some sweet partying on that dance floor.

HD: Don't get me started — we'll be here all week.



Alright, bands being sponsored by companies is kinda weak, but if MEAN JEANS could land sponsorships that meant free hookups for life, who would you guys wanna be sponsored by? Keep in mind, a lot of very powerful people read this zine, so your answer here now could end up making your wildest dreams come true.

BJ: Come to think of it, there are a few products we've endorsed in our songs, all of which I am still hoping to get compensated for. Twizzlers, Keystone Light, Sunbuster hats...

JW: Mountain Dew, IMAX, NASA, Nintendo Entertainment System, submarine sandwiches, plastic pants... wait, what was the question again?

HD: Playboy, Smith & Wesson, Chuck Taylor's, double-decker tacos, and M&M's.



Any upcoming MEAN JEANS news people should be psyched for?

BJ: Playing with MARKED MEN on a boat in Sweden in June! September European tour with THE WHITE WIRES!

JW: 'Bout to take a nap. Then maybe eat something. Then I'll prolly finish cleaning my room. Maybe hit the punchin' bag a little.



How's C-Rex? Is he blowin up?

BJ: What is the opposite of blowing up?

JW: Imploding.

BJ: Right. Short answer: NO.

Any last words for the kids out there?

BJ: Jeans are on the scene, deal with it!

JW: Stay in skool. And remember, it takes about 10 to 15 minutes for your stomach to realize that you are full, so eat as much as you can up until then! ESPECIALLY at a buffet! Or at a Jimmy Buffett concert! Or out on a first date... with a DUDE!

HD: Get a guitar and fuck shit up.

Oh waitaminute, one more question: ARE you serious?

BJ: No.

JW: No, I'm Syrian. Seriously.

HD: Have you ever been serious?





Writing by Emmanuel Sayer, photos by Pierre Richardson.

TOP 5 BANDS AT SOUTH BY SOUTHWEST:

HEX DISPENSERS

Saw these guys twice. One of two bands that I was anticipating seeing at SXSW and they did not disappoint. They were pretty good the first time I saw them but they were even better the next day at the TROUBLE IN MIND showcase where they were flanked by the shitty wrestling duo (see main article). They sounded awesome and played all the songs I wanted to hear from their records. Good upbeat punk rock with a down-tuned sound. I didn't realize till I saw them that one guitar player plays every song with a slide. If you aren't familiar with them, check out any one of their records and you won't be disappointed.



HEX DISPENSERS playing at BEERLAND.

MICKEY

Another band that was cursed with the opening slot on a day show but much like PREDATOR, also killed it. These dudes were dressed up like a 50's street gang with matching leather jackets. The music kind of sounds like 50's rock band gone punk. Catchy standard rock n' roll but with a wild front man rolling around on the floor with a menacing look to him. Picked up the single on HOZAC and was pleasantly surprised that it wasn't a blown-out reverb-drenched recording but an actually good-sounding slab of vinyl with two catchy punk rock tracks.

THE SPITS

I unfortunately missed these guys on the first day we were there since we were stuck in line trying to get into BEERLAND. I did catch them the next day playing outside on the patio and they ripped. The crowd was spilling out all over the street. THE SPITS attract these hardcore 30-something skate dudes who just want to get wasted, skate and go psycho while punk bands play. I unfortunately missed a late night show later on that night that I hear was totally bonkers where the bar was getting totally thrashed.

PREDATOR

The OTHER band that I was looking forward to seeing. I had been listening to their Honest Man 7" over and over for the two weeks leading up to SXSW and was super excited to see them. The show wasn't as crazy as I would have liked it to be since they were the first band to play one of the day shows, so they played at 1 pm in front of 10 people. Although there wasn't much energy in the room, these guys absolutely delivered and destroyed. They played hard and put in 100% of their energy, which made me respect them a lot more. I was the weirdo standing up front fist-pumping and flipping out in an empty room, but fuck it. They rip.

BAD SPORTS

These guys played the house show we went to. Earlier that day the bass player had won a contest where the prize was a van FILLED with brand new gear — drums, guitars, the whole shebang. They were ripping tags off their gear while they were setting up. They're from nearby Denton, TX so they had a crowd that was familiar with them and everybody flipped out. People crowd-surfing in the tiny living room were flying into the ceiling fan. It was insane and a total blast. The most exciting show I saw at SXSW since it was a house show with tons of young people flipping out.

RANDOM NOTES

FROM THE SOUTH BY SOUTHWEST TRENCHES

-If you head into a Mexican restaurant, the percentage of white people in the restaurant will indicate how good the food is. Same goes for BBQ joints.

-Waiting in line is for losers. What a waste of time. Why wait three hours to watch a blog band play when you can be watching some decent bands and drinking beer?

-Accidentally catching bands is the worst. Thursday night was unfortunately spent watching some totally boring bullshit band playing with no fucking energy in the least with some dude wearing an inside-out cardigan and stupid sunglasses playing an acoustic guitar that was all fuzzed-out as his nerd friend plays bass and the dorky drummer plays a floor tom and a snare while standing. This was followed by a couple bands of similar bullshit. Infuriating. Suicide-inducing.

-BEERLAND is awesome. Cheap tall cans. Free shows. Free Frito pie. I basically lived there for four days.

-“Exotic dancer” at the gay bar sucked. Basically had his feet planted and thrust his crotch rhythmically to the shit techno that was booming. He would have made more money if he tried harder.

-Saw something on the Capitol Grounds that was smaller than a cat but bigger than a rat. It was a possum. I was more excited to see this possum than I was about seeing half the bands I saw.

-Random dudes at one of the shows that looked like the shittiest wrestling duo of all time. Terminal Sound Guy had a ponytail, beard and single Mardi Gras beaded necklace, while Business Expense had a fancy suit and looked like a cross between Dave Coulier and Ogre from Revenge Of The Nerds. He kept doing the ‘hang loose’ hand gesture.

-Drunken Bill Murray passing out in a Japanese restaurant. My #1 celebrity sighting of all time.

-Free Colt 45 at a show at TRAILER SPACE RECORDS. Zang!

-Avoid Sixth Street at all cost. It is a clusterfuck of people (see photo) that you had to weave through. It reminded me of Mardi Gras, but instead of seeing boobs everywhere you were hearing the sounds of mediocre bands trying to “make it” coming from every single bar.

-FOOD TRAILER PARK rules. Veggie chili dog!

-House shows are the best. Getting your fist all fucked up by a ceiling fan isn’t.

-Psycho on bus: “I’m going to stick you... I’m gonna take you on under the bridge and stab you... I’m gonna kill someone. Make some money.” Luke: “...”

-Didn’t have to feel bad about stealing that guy’s cowboy hat since he got it back several hours later.

-45 minutes in the plane bathroom caused stewardess to exclaim “What is going on in there!?” which could be heard 10 rows up.

To read the full day-by-day account of the trip, head to ottawaexplosion.com and find it.



The legendary Bill Murray legendarily wasted at a Japanese restaurant.



GAGA WEEKEND

3!



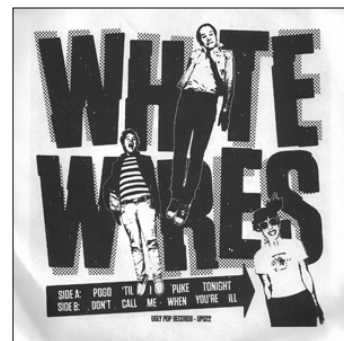
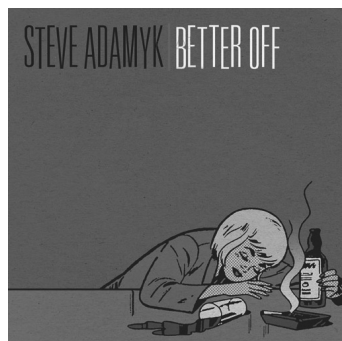
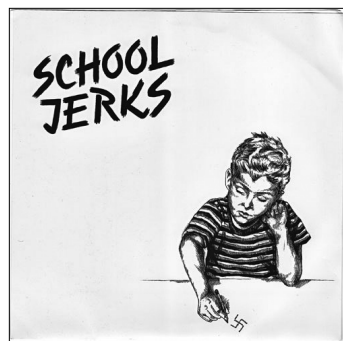
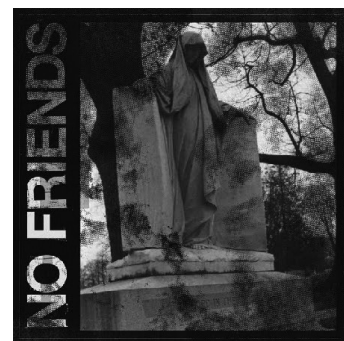
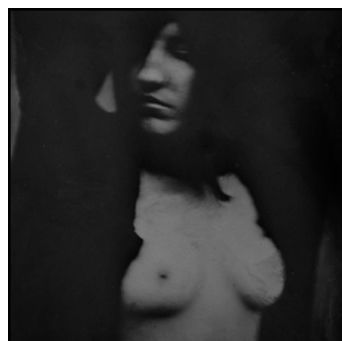
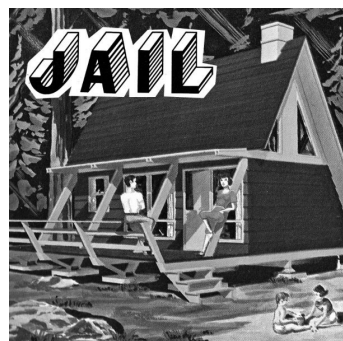
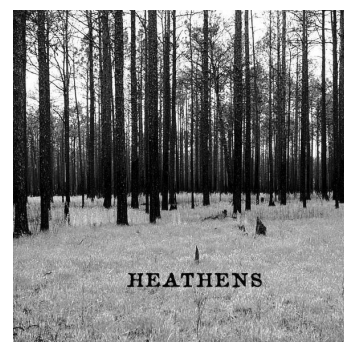
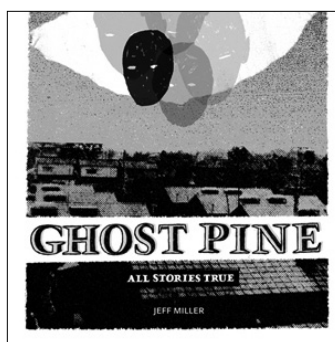
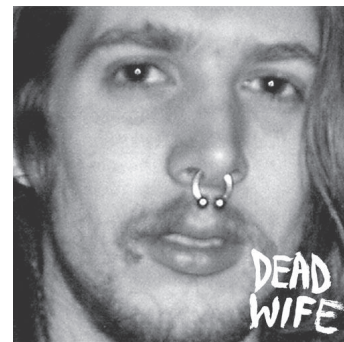
FEATURING: HOLY COBRAS SUPPOSITORIES
GERM ATTACK PREGNANCY SCARES CRUSADES
STRANGE ATTRACTOR URANIUM COMEBACK
ZEBRASSIERES GOODNIGHT LOVING FIRST BASE
PEACH KELLI POP YEAR ZERO TOKYO SEX WHALE
MOTHER'S CHILDREN JOLIETTES LOVIATAR
CREEPS THE BAND WHOSE NAME IS A SYMBOL
GIRLFRIENDS GARAGA CENTRETOWN CRIPPLERS
BIG DICK WHITE WIRES CRITICAL CONVICTIONS
GET A LIFE LOSERS YOUNG STALIN VISITORS
WALNUT KIDS KLOVEN HOOFS ROOKERS
SECRET LOVES ALRIGHTS STEVE ADAMYK BAND
STATUES SONIC AVENUES PLUS MORE...

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SHITTY / NOT SHITTY!

HERE'S SOME STUFF AND WHAT YOUR OPINION OF IT SHOULD BE.

By the Standard Issue Street Gang (Steve Adamyk_{SA}, Morgan Cook_{MC}, Curtis Delaney_{CD}, Ben Jensen_{BJ}, Carruthers Squire McLaughlin_{CSM}, Craig Proulx_{CP}, Pierre Richardson_{PR}, Emmanuel Sayer_{ES}, Dave Williams_{DW}).



From left to right: Airfix Kits - Playing Both Sides; Blue Cross - s/t cassette; Darkthrone - Circle The Wagons; Dead Wife - DWYSHF; First Base - She's Boy Crazy; Germ Attak - Death To Cops; Ghost Pine by Jeff Miller; Heathens - II; Jail - There's No Sky; More Than Life - Love Let Me Go; Musk Ox - s/t; No Friends - Traditional Failures; School Jerks - Nothing Else; Steve Adamyk - Better Off; Teenage Bottlerocket - They Came From The Shadows; The White Wires - Pogo Till I Punk Tonight.

AIRFIX KITS - PLAYING BOTH SIDES b/w LEAVING 7"
(Dirtnap Records, Portland)

From the opening guitar chords this reminds me A LOT of STATUES. They are clearly both influenced by the same bands and have a similar approach to song writing. The recording is really great but I find that the songs kind of lack energy and the monotonous vocals with the heavy Scottish accent are the deal breaker for me on this one. I'm not writing this band off completely because I feel like what they're aiming for is something that I would be into and they would probably be great live, but this record isn't doing it for me. **SHITTY**_{ES}

BIPIIGWAN - GOD'S HOOKS
(self-released, Ottawa)

God-DANG it's a treat when I stumble upon a heavy local band that's actually within my realm of interest. I don't know a ton about BIPIIGWAN other than what we received in their brief self-description: that it transcends a few extreme metal subgenres and was recorded by Topon from FUCK THE FACTS (and KURU!). But that doesn't matter. This shit slays. Crushing, sludgy metal that's somewhere on the TRIPTYKON/CELTIC FROST and NEUROSIS spectrum mixed with some more-than-welcome faster passages that recall With Fear/The Red In The Sky-era AT THE GATES or any of the earlier Sunlight Studios stuff, even reaching into the melodic hardcore bag from time to time. It's no easy feat writing down-tempo metal while avoiding being derivative, but these dudes pull from enough different worlds -- yet remain totally cohesive -- that it maintains a certain uniqueness and I'm digging it fucking HARD. Totally and utterly **NOT SHITTY**. Fuck yes._{DW}

BLACK BREATH - HEAVY BREATHING LP
(Southern Lord, Los Angeles)

This band's debut EP last year was pretty rad. Heavy-as-shit hardcore with a TON of Left Hand Path-era ENTOMBED influence, right down to that mid-'90s Gothenburg guitar tone. This LP (on SOUTHERN LORD!) doesn't make much of an effort to elaborate on that sound, but these dudes certainly fucking nail it. Fast, vicious, punk-metal with one of the heaviest production jobs I've heard in a long time (care of CONVERGE w/ Kurt Ballou). I'm digging this more with each listen. Totally recommended. **NOT SHITTY**_{DW}

BODY WASH

Get ready to start telling people "I liked STANDARD ISSUE back when it was punk," cuz I'm about to make a statement that might throw all our punk cred right out the window: Body wash is the shit.

First of all, if you go to the drug store, there's always at least one brand that's on sale for like three bucks, and that shit'll last you for MONTHS. And don't worry, the lady at the cash doesn't ask

you for your gino ID or proof that you're a Maxim subscriber or anything like that; it turns out ANYONE's allowed to buy men's body wash. It's not just for gel-haired creeps anymore.

Know what's even better than the financial reasons for using body wash? No more hair on the soap. A hairy bar of soap is disgusting, and nothing short of getting raped throws a kink into your morning routine quite as bad as having to pick hairs off the soap. It's disgusting and it takes time. Body wash spares you all that pain. It also spares you having to worry if the soap you're rubbing on your face has been in your roommate's assscrack.

It'll also leave you smelling real good. Every once in a while throughout the day, you'll catch a whiff and think 'What smells so good? Is there a successful adult male around?' No, there's not. It's just YOU, my friend. YOU smell good. Go try to talk to attractive people, cuz you're probably never gonna be more on top of your game than you are now. If they don't mace you or publicly humiliate you this time, thank the body wash. **NOT SHITTY**_{RJ}

COCONUT COOLOUTS - HALLOWE'EN PARTY SONGS 7"
(Dirtnap, Portland)

This is a pretty killer 7" that would definitely be an awesome soundtrack to a crazy Halloween night of egging houses, keying cars, spray painting dogs, and getting a serious sugar high from doing lines of crushed up Sweet Tarts.

The A side is called 'The Last Man You'll Ever See', and it's got a sneaky 'spy' type of bass line, mixed with a gaggle of sinister howling, and a full-on attack of spooky guitars and organ. This isn't what I was expecting from these party rockers, but it's totally a nice surprise, and will surely be a favorite for any fans of the horror genre.

Side B, 'The Monsters Crash (the Regular Peoples Party)' stays true to the regular style of fun-loving beach garage that you'd usually hear from these guys. They don't hold back any of the antics on this one either; with a slide whistle almost every 10 seconds it kinda sounds like Sideshow Mel blowing his load. The song ends with Dracula, Wolfman and a Frankenstein's Monster taking the band's instruments and playing their own brand of noise.

So to recap: Snorting sugar, Monsters, Parties, and a Slide whistle. **NOT SHITTY**

A review of the albums artwork:
A rad 70's/80's era-looking picture of a bunch of kids standing around a glowing pumpkin. **NOT SHITTY**_{CP}

DARKTHRONE - CIRCLE THE WAGONS LP
(Peaceville, UK)

Sweet fucking mercy. As we all know, this band has done some serious morphing in their long career as one of the greatest metal bands on Earth. I think everyone can agree that Transylvanian Hunger is a benchmark for both man

and beast, and while I've enjoyed Fenriz and Nocturno Culto's evolution very much, their more recent forays into CELTIC FROST territory have churned out some of their best work since those early necro days. Circle The Wagons is easily the best of their 'FROST-meets-SKITSYSTEM' era. Juxtaposed with the band's most influential work, this current DARKTHRONE is almost wholly unrecognizable, but it's still some of the best metal being released today. Rad. **NOT SHITTY**_{DW}

DEAD WIFE- DWYSHF 7"

(Psychic Handshake, Montreal)

PSYCHIC HANDSHAKE RECORDS has done it again! Their fourth seamless release in three years is brought to us by Montreal's trash-punk all-stars, DEAD WIFE. The term 'riot grrrl' gets thrown around a whole bunch to describe these guys, but despite the girls outnumbering the dudes three-to-one, I don't find this reminiscent of BIKINI KILL, HUGGY BEAR or the like, at all. DEAD WIFE is snottier, harder, catchier, and way more '80s L.A. than '90s Olympia.

The A-side is a live radio session that instantly blows their previous cassette efforts out of the water. The boombox toilet-bowl mono-mix on the Subterranean Megazyt cassette left a lot to be desired from a band that truly knows how to SPRAY PAINT THE WALLS, and the first four seconds of 'DWSYHF' eclipse all that the moment the needle hits the wax. Hearing three voices screaming in your face to DO WHAT SETS YOUR HEART FREE is instantly as unsettling as it is liberating, and the catchy feedback howls of 'TXT Me' leave me unsure of whether to tap my toes or stage-dive. 'Gentleman Rapist' is a catchy, sleazy, chainsaw jammer that comes in slow and fuzzy, then breaks your neck and leaves your face in your lap before you have any idea what the hell is going on. Choyce (of label-mates RED MASS) is responsible for the smooth sounds of the B-side, which is likely why the vocal track is a little bit spacier, the guitar is all over the place, and the drums are jazzy and loose. The two sides juxtapose each other quite well, but they both say the same thing: punk. rock. party. **NOT SHITTY**

A review of the album's artwork: The artwork for this thing has PUNK. ROCK. PARTY. written all over it (...not rrrreally, but you know what I mean). The cover is a huge blown up photo of WAUPOOS/GRISNATCH/HIGH RISE II QT-pie Jesse Hicks sporting two big ass dilated pupils (remember that "party" thing I mentioned earlier?), the back cover is the band looking like your best friends chilling in line for their turn to pump the keg, and the massive fold out insert is packed with photos of friends, cartoons and cut-out headlines about teenagers, fake boobs, celebrity gossip and schoolgirl abductors. What says party more than that?! Somebody get me a beeyuh. **NOT SHITTY**_{CP}

DEERHUNTER - RAINWATER CASSETTE EXCHANGE 12" EP
(Bad/Krank)

I'm not the type of guy who likes to "chill out" (shit's for hippies) but if I was, I'd listen to this DEERHUNTER EP while I did it. It's all mid-tempo and low key and has all sorts of cool wacky shit like castanets (I think that's what they're called) and theramin. Sometimes it sounds kinda like psychedelic prom night in 1954, sometimes it sounds like a less annoying, more legitimate version of THE STROKES playing in outer space, and it's always a real cool time. I admit I don't know much about DEERHUNTER aside from them being buds with BLACK LIPS (and I'm gonna assume they do drugs a lot), but this super-sized five song EP's got me into them. I really like this record. **NOT SHITTY**_{RJ}

DRUGS DRAGONS - (I'M IN A) BRAINGRAVE 45

(Dusty Medical, Milwaukee)

The first track on this super-limited single-sided 45 from Milwaukee no-frills punks DRUGS DRAGONS features a guitar rattling like shit in your chest over some primal drumming while the verse and chorus are barked out by a pack of wildmen. The second has the guitar chopping and hacking its way through a cool 60s metal-style riff and even some dirty solos, while the bass and drums keep things moving right along. This one's got nonchalant vocals lightly reverbed and layered.

This is the primal, savage, murky depths of punk rock. Sounds like a really aggressive opiate party being held in a blood-and-fur-smeared cave. It's kinda like Fun House and it's kinda like PREDATOR's new 45, but without nailing the intensity quite so hard (but, to be fair to DRUGS DRAGONS, PREDATOR REALLY fuckin nailed the intensity on that 45).

Bottom line: this is some cool shit, and if you can get your hands on it, get your hands on it. **NOT SHITTY**_{RJ}

EAST BAY GREASE - JUST HEAD b/w HAPPILY MARRIED MAN/BRASS DIGGER 7"

(Classic Bar Music, San Francisco)

CLASSIC BAR MUSIC is a cool little record label (and also a DJ night) outta San Francisco, and it's called that cuz its aim is to put out the kind of stuff that would get a lot of action on the jukebox in an old-school drinkin hole -- not THAT old-school, mind you; I'm talking about the '70s or '80s or even anywhere today that guys who filled bar stools in that era can STILL go to without wanting to kill everything in sight.

So what you get in the case of EAST BAY GREASE is a bunch of veterans playing a dirty, irony-free blend of the American-style RnR that was favored by Brits like THE FACES, mixed in with just a bit of funk from the same era -- no wah guitar or slap bass, but a bit of the drumming

and the overall swagger. Throw some soul/blues-style vocals on top of that and you get the idea.

While I can recognize that this 7" is "good music" and the context the label provides helps, this is definitely not the kinda thing I'd be throwing on regularly. Maybe in a couple decades when I'm a grown-ass man with more whiskey-and-bad-back experience, but it's just not where I'm at right now. This is the kinda stuff that life-hardened, been-around-the-block type guys in their 50s and 60s and up would be really into, and as awesome as hearing the pre-PC, pre-technology, pre-uptight cops tales of debauchery those guys all seem to have an infinite supply of, I'm not that interested in their musical tastes. **KINDA SHITTY**_{BJ}

FIRST BASE - SHE'S BOY CRAZY 7" (Play Pinball, Denton/Austin)

Who the hell is this guy? More importantly, how does he get away with writing some of best pop songs Canada has ever created? This one man project -slash- full live band has me in pain, waiting for new tracks constantly. These four new gems are all winners. It's no wonder FIRST BASE have been covered by PERSONAL AND THE PIZZAS and are selling records like crystal meth made by Walt from the show BREAKING BAD. Probably my favourite single of the year up to now. **NOT SHITTY**_{SA}

GERM ATTACK - DEATH TO COPS 7" (Capitalicide Records, Ottawa)

Alright, this is ridiculous. Instead of us putting down the beer long enough to review every piece of wax these Ottawa punks put out (it's a lot) as often as they put 'em out (it's often), let's just stop writing about their releases. Instead, we'll wait and let you know when they finally put out something that's less than awesome. Cuz if they keep putting out awesome shit like this Death To Cops 7" (it's REALLY awesome), we're left with no other choice but to keep saying GERM ATTACK's releases are awesome (so punk and so goddam CATCHY) over and over, sometimes multiple times an issue, and that makes us look like we're just a mouthpiece for GERM ATTACK.

So, from now on, if GERM ATTACK releases anything and you DON'T see it reviewed in these pages, just go ahead and assume it's a must-own piece of awesome. And don't worry: we'll sound the alarm right here in these pages if GERM ATTACK ever slips up and records something that's a sub-10. **NOT SHITTY**

A review of the album's artwork: Are you fucking kidding me? It's a close-up of a junkie (dig those open sores) stabbing a cop in the eye with a syringe! This is amazing! It's printed on nice glossy cardstock and it folds open to reveal a photocopied lyrics sheets, a cool live shot, and some liner notes. Back cover is a photo of the GERM ATTACK

dudes assuming the position against an Ottawa squad car. Not a big fan of posed group shots, but this one's alright since it ties in with the whole theme of the EP. That cover's by Scott Bentz and it's GOTTA be the best cover of this issue. **NOT SHITTY**_{BJ}

GOODNIGHT LOVING - NOTHING CONQUERS US b/w SCARY BAD 7" (Dirtnap, Portland)

Judging from the two tracks on this 7", Milwaukee's GOODNIGHT LOVING is basically what you'd get if you mixed HANK WILLIAMS with some of the dirtier, punker (read: good) powerpop bands of the late '70s like maybe THE SAINTS or THE MODERNETTES. And it's such a smooth blend, I think they could share a stage with either influence in either era without anybody in the audience going "WTF?!" (especially since the '40s and the '70s were better decades than this one, back before people started living their lives on the internet and speaking in retarded acronyms like 'WTF').

I can't stop listening to this 7" (so that means my neighbours can't either, whether they want to or not), and I am legitimately bummed any time either of its two songs ends. These country-punks know what they're doing, so if this is your kinda shit, only buy this 7" if you're ready to become a slave to it, cuz it'll happen. Can't wait to see them when they come here to Ottawa for the GAGA WEEKEND. This 7" is amazing. **NOT SHITTY**_{BJ}

GRAND TRINE - SUNGLASSES EP (Divorce Records)

Obviously I'm totally biased but it doesn't really matter when you unleash such an amazing release upon the world. GRAND TRINE's rager of an EP expands upon the ideas they laid down on the split they did with the HOLY COBRAS, but still distills it into something more potent and pure. Proto-everything-good, GRAND TRINE sense the coming collapse of society and make it seem like not that big of a deal. **NOT SHITTY**

A review of the album's artwork: Tripped out photos of the members including the sax player who mysteriously disappeared into the future in a time machine made of free-jazz and bike parts. **NOT SHITTY**_{PR}

Ghost Pine by Jeff Miller (Invisible Publishing)

Do people still read books? I sure hope so, because if not you are missing out on a true gem. I haven't read this actual book by Ottawa alum Jeff Miller, who now resides in Montreal selling books at an independent book store, but I have every copy of the zine so I am very familiar with the material. I met Jeff in 2003 or so and he gave me a copy of GHOST PINE #6 and I immediately got in touch to get any other issues I could. Jeff writes of a time when being

a punk was a black mark on your head, one that most of the people reading this can identify with. Please check this out. **NOT SHITTY**

A review of the book's cover art: YO RODEO! out of Halifax did the cover design with five floating heads coming out of a vagina in the sky and watching over a residential area. **NOT SHITTY**_{PR}

HEATHENS - II LP

(Thrashed!, Nashville)

In my younger, less-discriminating days (in some ways anyway...), I can't recall things like sequence and/or flow mattering much to me. I was infinitely more concerned with badass singalong lines about unwavering dedication to any number of childish philosophies than I was about the art of the album as a whole. And frankly, I sometimes wish I could listen to music with the same innocent fervor that I did then.

Take this new HEATHENS record, for example. By all accounts, this should be my favorite record. Fucking vicious, hateful hardcore just oozing wrath and disgust for the vile, contemptible mess that is humanity and the planet Earth in general. The production is just pummeling and the conviction in the vocals is totally palpable.

However, there is a flaw at work here that I simply cannot get past: abrupt pauses between short songs. A raw, open-ended, massive sound like this is just begging for a constant flow of ideas, for an organization that creates what could easily feel like one long song per side, or at least a continuous narrative of some kind. Instead we have what feels like a pile of great ideas, thrown haphazardly together and thus making for an incredibly difficult digestion. In the same way INTEGRITY's To Die For could have been a near-masterpiece had it been assembled more creatively and with a more cohesive final product in mind, HEATHENS' II falls prey to a lack of vision that is essential when striving for a mood suitable to this brand of "evil" hardcore. Bummer. **KINDA SHITTY**_{DW}

HORRID RED - EMPTY LUNGS (Campaign for Infinity, Montreal)

I've loved everything that I heard from the TEENAGE PANZERKORPS, and this features some of the members from that band and also rules. It sounds like lo-fi NEW ORDER, the singer from RAMMSTEIN and CALVIN JOHNSTON have all started a cult in Iceland and no one else is allowed to join. "Transparent Streets" is a top jam. **NOT SHITTY**

A review of the album's artwork: The artwork is pretty minimal and plain. There is a photo of some fancy room with a sculpture portraying the Binding of Isaac, in which God proves he is the ultimate asshole. Genesis 22:1-24. (God is) **SHITTY**_{PR}

JAIL - THERE'S NO SKY (OH MY MY) (Burger Records, Fullerton CA)

These guys have since changed their name to JAILL and signed to SUB POP. This tape has some serious hanging-out-in-the-backyard-and-making-veggie-dogs-with-all-your-friends vibes going on. There are a lot of great things going on: vocal harmonies, surf/alt-country inspired garage, and cute love songs to trick that girl/guy into liking you with. **NOT SHITTY**

A review of the album's artwork: A painting of a guy sitting on the railing of a cabin and talking to a well-dressed lady. There is a photo of the band on the inside, 3/4 with bad facial hair hanging out in what looks like their mom's sewing room. I hope it isn't one of the member's bedrooms or else I'll have to stop liking them. **KINDA SHITTY**_{PR}

J.C. SATÀN - s/t 7"

(Shit Music For Shit People, Italy)

JEAN CLAUDE SATÀN (what, no Van?) are a french boy/girl duo from Italy. At first listen there didn't appear to be anything special here. A bit of jangley guitar mixed with a dash of over-the-top screaming... Whatever.

A few days later I found myself humming an unfamiliar tune, and lo and behold I had one of these fucking songs stuck in my head. Well I guess I was wrong...again.

After a few more listens it appears these guys know what they're doing. Catchy hooks dripping with sexy distorted French accents. Although this 7" is pretty much all over the place (none of the four songs on here seem to have the same style) the last song is what really got my attention; it's sung totally in french and has an awesome 'House of the Rising Sun' feel to it.

A decent listen, and if they ever ventured over that giant piss-filled swimming pool that we call an ocean I'd definitely check them out. **NOT SHITTY**

A review of the albums artwork: Nothing too fancy, just a cross filled with a bunch of random religious symbols. However, these guys get bonus points for showing us some titties on their Myspace. **NOT SHITTY**_{CD}

THE JOLIETTES - GIRLS LIKE ME b/w QUICKSAND 7" (Going Gaga, Ottawa)

I'm sorry, but this falls so far out of what I'm into, I just can't do it. This is sweet, folky, female-fronted garage-pop without enough garage in the equation to sustain me. I am left totally un-excited by this, which is to say 'bored'.

Would I sound like a total asshole if I said girls would probably like this? Yeah? I would? Dammit. One of these days I gotta buy a 'delete' key for this keyboard so I can stop looking like an idiot. **SHITTY**_{BJ}

KING KHAN & BBQ SHOW - INVISIBLE GIRL LP

(In The Red Records, Los Angeles)

What's going on here? Is it suddenly cool for the best garage bands on the planet to put out records that are just kinda okay? Hey, KING KHAN & BBQ SHOW: if BLACK LIPS jumped off a bridge, would you do THAT too? **KINDA SHITTY**_{BJ}

LIFE-BRAND MOUTHWASH (MINT FLAVOUR)

Recently, I went to the dentist for the first time in, well, ages, and was told I should probably use mouth wash regularly to curb the potential for gingivitis, or something. Personally, I've always avoided mouthwash, since I remember being told that your body can build up a dependency on it, making your bad breath even worse when you choose not to use it. Anyway, dentists are trying to make a buck, but I thought I'd give it a shot either way. Since the 'Life Brand', knock-off Listerine was on sale, I decided to cheap on it, since I figured I would probably just flush it down the john anyway. On first use, it burned like hell and tasted even worse. How do alcoholics drink this shit? I mean, I love to get tanked, but I don't think it would be physically possible for me to actually ingest this stuff without barfing and shitting my pants at the same time. Too much of a chemical vibe for any hint of mint to be tasted. After a few uses, I find it typically has no affect on me. So, down the toilet it goes. Moral of the story: kick a dentist in the balls for good luck! **SHITTY**_{SA}

MARKED MEN - FIX MY BRAIN LP/ CD (reissue) (Dirtnap, Portland)

I'd heard their name a fair bit lately, but this is my first time actually hearing Denton, Texas's MARKED MEN. This is a reissue of their until-now-unavailable third LP that was originally out on SWAMI in 2004. My main impression is that nothing on this album was an accident, or even a "happy surprise" or anything like that. These guys seem to know EXACTLY what they're doing and exactly what they've gotta do to make a slick (by what-I-normally-listen-to standards), forward-moving, fist-pumper of an album with more hooks than a pirate ship. This shit is the work of hitmakers. **NOT SHITTY**

A review of the album art: I don't even know what the front cover's supposed to be, but it reminds of a painting we had to look at on a high-school field trip to the art gallery. And field trips to the art gallery were weak. The back cover's no better. **SHITTY**_{BJ}

MASSHYSYTERI - s/t LP (Ny Vag, Sweden)

Truthfully, I wasn't floored by MASSHYSYTERI's first LP. Like, THE VICIOUS was my joint. That band was my

everything for like four months and then a daily listen for a good year or so thereafter. And then they abruptly called it a day right after releasing the Igen EP, inarguably their finest hour. The only light in this sudden, unnavigable darkness was the word of a regrouping, an almost immediate reformation in the shape of MASSHYSYTERI — what I'm sure many assumed would simply be a Sweded continuation of THE VICIOUS.

But, for some reason, upon hearing the debut EP and the following Var Del Av Stan LP... something just fell kinda flat for me. I don't know if it was the lack of singalong-ability due to the language switch, or the increased presence of Sara's occasionally painful vocals, or perhaps it was the slight lean toward almost Morricone-esque spaghetti western-style leads, but I feel like this new incarnation had compromised some of the mystique and mood of its predecessor.

So now there's a new LP. And y'know what? It's better. The songs are more memorable, the timbre of Sara's vocals is a little less piercing... but I still can't help but compare these songs to 'Dead Town' or 'Masshysteri' or 'Psychotic Mind'... and for some reason they still don't QUITE measure up. Maybe it's partially my clinging onto a band that hit me like a ton of bricks at the exact right time, or maybe I just haven't spent enough time with MASSHYSYTERI... but I really do want to love this... and I just sorta like it a lot. **NOT SHITTY** but I feel **KINDA SHITTY** about it._{DW}

MORE THAN LIFE - LOVE LET ME GO LP (Purgatory, UK)

I don't want to generalize... but for those of us who came of age in the 90s hardcore community, there's just something about octave chords that makes tiny hairs stand on end. It's a tricky thing to do tastefully, however, and many shitty hardcore morons fall way below par trying to achieve the balance that bands like BANE and BATTERY and SHAI HULUD nailed in the heyday.

But somehow these MORE THAN LIFE cats hit it on the head. Five young English dudes taking the heart-on-sleeve, corny-yet-endearing, AMERICAN NIGHTMARE/PANIC approach, just laying on the octave harmonies and depressive diary lyrics while avoiding looking like Hot Topic website models (...although there is indeed a flat-peaked New Era cap in their AP spread, suggesting a likelihood of at least SOME typical hardcore idiocy). Seriously though, the only new hardcore I've gravitated toward in the past few years either involves NYC gang violence or vehement anti-Christianity, and this band managed to break through those parameters... and, fact is, these parameters don't typically bend too easily. **NOT SHITTY**_{DW}

MUSK OX - s/t (Absurdist, Ridgewood NY)

Alright, so this isn't exactly brand new, but I don't care. It's local and it's fucking amazing and the folks who read this zine

should check it out. From what I gather, there may be a new MUSK OX release already out, or at least well into being written. This is essentially one dude, Nathaniel Larochette, playing what is typically described as "neo-folk", thus, acoustic/classical guitar (and other acoustic accompaniment, vocal chanting, etc) compositions of the European folk tradition. For your average reader (who didn't spend eight years entrenched in the magical world of classical music studies, musicological research, and a shitload of Baroque opera interpretation), these songs sound like those RAD acoustic interludes on any number of metal records, but much more expansive and thus conveying a sense of narration and completion as opposed to a simple transition between songs. It's easy to compare this to ULVER's Kveldssanger or WARDRUNA or CORONA BOREALIS, but the sprawling structures are more akin to nerd-faves SIGUR ROS or MOGWAI. Make no mistake, this is a metal record. It's fucking evil and chilling, but takes a more, let's say 'subtle' approach. I can't wait to hear the follow-up, because this debut is crazy impressive. **NOT SHITTY**_{DW}

NEON BLUD - WHIPPS 7" (Fan Death Records, Baltimore)

Don't you love it when good shit happens to good people? Lucky for me, my favourite cassette release of 2009 was just repressed as my favourite 7" of 2010. The skinny dork wins again!

NEON BLUD are a four-piece aural assault made up of Tampa's heaviest YOUTH ATTACK hitters. Members of CULT RITUAL, SLAVESCENE, BODY ROT, and MEDICATIONS have their hands all over this puppy, and the Whipps 7" grabs the best elements of each band by the balls and dumps them all in a vat of SONIC YOUTH feedback ooze that drips and bleeds from track to track.

Take speaker-cracking, creepy as hell guitar wails, driving blown-out low-end, heavy-on-the-tom quick-on-the-crash tribal rhythms, blistering female vocal melodies, and slip in lyrics about social anxiety, poseurs, transvestites, and amphetamines, and you've got a six-song head to head banger that's equal parts 'Death Valley '69' and 'Die Die My Darling' all at once. **NOT SHITTY**

Review of the album's artwork: Classic screen-printed image of Andrea Feldman looking eerily fabulous. They've cropped out all the Max's Kansas City crap from the original Warhol photo, so this cover is all about the hotness. Perfect cover star for an album about shoving lethal shit up your nose. **NOT SHITTY**_{CP}

NO FRIENDS - TRADITIONAL FAILURES 12" (Kiss Of Death, Tampa)

Fuck yes. I flipped out over this band's LP last year, but this 12" totally blows it out of the water. Fast, DI-meets-MINOR THREAT hardcore with a serious nod to Tony Reflex's 90s output. Personally,

this is EXACTLY what I'm looking for in modern hardcore. Not a copycat throwback, but not too slick. Tastefully tipping the hat to the early-'80s heyday but still sounding current, and plenty of emphasis on writing actual songs as opposed to 30 second bursts of speed and rage. Oh yeah, and NF features guys from NEW MEXICAN DISASTER SQUAD, VIRGINS, GATORFACE, NONE MORE BLACK, and Tony Foresta, the singer of that band MUNICIPAL WASTE. Maybe you've heard of them? **NOT SHITTY**_{DW}

OV HELL - THE UNDERWORLD REGIME LP (Prosthetic, Los Angeles)

Naturally I was inconsolable when I learned that Gaahl was no longer part of GORGOROTH and later decided to retire from black metal entirely. Hell, who wasn't? With both Gaahl and King's departure & the 'Gorgoroth name dispute' debacle, I was sure that I would never lay my ears upon that wonderful sound, so vile and contemptuous, so truly evil, ever again. Imagine my surprise when GORGOROTH's Quantos... proved to be perhaps their finest effort yet!

But what of King, who penned nearly all of the music of GORGOROTH's Gaahl era? It appears that (outside of his more accessible project AUDREY HORNE), King had been collaborating with DIMMU BORGIR's Shagrath on one hell of a debut record. This is some catchy-as-fuck super-melodic Black Metal, sounding very much like a pairing of the aforementioned fellows (minus DIMMU BORGIR's orchestral arrangements). Hardly a reinvention of the wheel, but some seriously solid, big budget Black Metal. **NOT SHITTY**_{DW}

PIG - MAGNETIC (Campaign for Infinity, Montreal)

Hailing from the dreary town of Sydney, NS, one of the most depressing towns I've ever been to, PIG are part of a wave of amazing bands that thrive in the tar pond. Evil and sludgy noise rock keep proving that ugly is more beautiful than we realize. **NOT SHITTY**

A review of the album's artwork: YO RODEO! pull off a pretty good representation of the music contained within. I like that when you flip the cover over it is oriented correctly right away, if that makes sense. If it doesn't, get yourself a copy. **NOT SHITTY**_{PR}

PREDATOR - HONEST MAN 7" (Rob's House, Atlanta/New York)

Fuck! I cannot describe how awesome this record is. Three ripping tracks of hardcore/punk with enough feedback and weirdness to keep it interesting. The songs are short and fast and straight to the point but not in a boring formulaic punk way. They hit hard and fast and make you want to listen to this record over and over again. I listen to it three times in a row on average.

'Honest Man' starts with an anticipato-

ry guitar riff and stick clicks and feedback, and when it all kicks in you just want to go berserk, and then the song keeps escalating and escalating till you've totally lost your mind.

The B-side has two tracks on it. 'D.L.D.D.' is a slower jam with a thick bass sound and a catchy guitar lead that makes me think of a BLONDIE song even though this obviously sounds nothing like that. The last track is just a straight rager.

I can't wait for another record to come from these guys. Definitely do not sleep on this. This will be on my 'top 7 inches of the year' list for sure. **NOT SHITTY**_{ES}

A REVIEW OF MY REVIEW OF MODERN CONVENIENCE - PLEASURE DOLL

I originally submitted a pretty mediocre review of this record. I listened to the record three times in a row and I seriously couldn't think of one interesting thing to say about it. I wish I could say that the mediocrity of the review was supposed to be a reflection of my perceived mediocrity of the record and I was being really clever and postmodern or something but no. My review just plain sucked. The case for the CD has been sitting on the ground in my living room and I would see it every morning when I left for work and every afternoon when I came home. The eyes of the woman drawn on the cover looking up at me, judging me and my mediocre review. Eventually the guilt was too much and I had to do something about. This isn't much better but at least I tried and hopefully the guilt will somewhat subside. **SHITTY**_{ES}

SCHOOL JERKS - NOTHING ELSE 7"

Some more GERMS worship from this Toronto hardcore foursome, these guys spit, rumble and shake their way through seven inches of wax. It turns out to be a pretty satisfying listen, kinda like REGULATIONS or a rawer version of early CAREER SUICIDE but less fast (and that doesn't mean 'slow'), but I don't know if I would've given this EP much of a chance if I didn't already know and like the SCHOOL JERKS, having seen them live already—nothing really jumps out at you on this EP. I know these guys have a better release in them, but this is still pretty good. **KINDA SHITTY**_{BJ}

SONIC AVENUES - s/t LP (Going Gaga, Ottawa)

I can just remember having my mind blown by SONIC AVENUES for the first time at A&A SPEED SHOP in the winter of 2008 with a fresh WHITE WIRES and a transitional HOLY COBRAS. All of these bands have grown and changed dramatically since then. SONIC AVENUES were mind-blowing, glammy-twangy, screaming guitar garage from Montreal. Dirty, loud, sweaty and live.

This album's two years later; a careful and high-quality recording that shows experience and polish. It's simple where

it should be and nicely layered everywhere else. Seriously nicely layered. Good overdrubbing, tons of awesome back-ups, handclaps and little bits and pieces that fill your ears with glee. SONIC AVENUES know how to bring together separate and unique musical parts to form a cohesive whole OR 'wow, they make pretty music'!

Here comes one of those descriptive sentences that probably will only make sense to me: the fuzz and reverb are plentiful but poppy and bright and even glossy at times. The songs are singalongs and you know where you want them to go and they go there. I thought the riffs were a bit predictable, but more experienced ears than mine disagreed. Draws parallels to TRANZMITTORS and NICE BOYS. To me it sounds like definitive powerpop. I'm not going to mention any detonated organs of the cardiac variety but you know what I mean.

The songs seem to be mostly about heartbreak and wrapping your head around getting over someone who's no good for you.

'On Your Grave,' Radiation,' and 'Why Can't I (Stop Thinking 'Bout You)' are the current standouts for me but that's just subjective shit. They are the sixth, seventh and eighth tracks on this 10 track LP... maybe they put them all together to intentionally create a mood, or maybe it just takes about that long for my synapses to start firing. It's put out by maniac Ian Manhire on GOING GAGA RECORDS. Get it, put it in your car, drive around with the windows down singing along with your friends. What could be better? **NOT SHITTY**

A review of the album's artwork: Looks nice, good job. **NOT SHITTY**_{MC}

SPENCEY DUDE & THE DOODLES -s/t 7"

(Rob's House, Atlanta/New York)

This four-song EP outta San Francisco is like 1950s rock and roll channeled through a pissed-off junior high outcast — you know: the kinda Ridalin-stuffed, ravine-hangin-out-in, older-brother's-Ramones-t-shirt-wearin weirdo half of you reading this probably were.

And that's not an idle comparison. Basically every aspect of this 45 is a '50s rock and roll staple given some kinda modern-teen-angst makeover. Take that peppy drumming and trashcan it up. Take those rhythm and blues guitar chords and put some biting distortion on 'em...and tune down that bass while you're at it, so it grumbles moodily in the background. Make every song about dating, but sing shit like 'if this feeling ends / I hope to god you won't get with my friends'.

Spencey Dude's voice never quite crosses over into that snotty, whiny, SCREECHING WEASEL style of pop-punk delivery, which is good cuz that shit's a deal-breaker for me. The vocals are consistently pissed off without ever compromising the lightness of the record, and I think this is one slab of

garage pop goodness that'd be a crowd-pleaser at any (non-lame) party. It goes down as easy as pizza and beer, so why not add it to the mix? I'm into this. **NOT SHITTY**

A review of the album's artwork: The front has a photo of three kangaroos that's been drawn-on (DOODLED-on, you might say) so the kangaroos look kinda like the members of SPENCEY DUDE & THE DOODLES: one's been given glasses and a cigarette, another glasses and a beard, and the third a boob-filled tank top and eyelashes (instantly making it the best-looking and most visually appealing of the three kangaroos). Then, on the back, you've got a photo of SPENCEY DUDE & THE DOODLES posed like the three kangaroos.

Not a bad cover, but I don't know if it merits the coveted 'not shitty' rating. I'm gonna have to employ our brand-new rating for this one: **KINDA SHITTY**_{BJ}

THE SPITS - SCHOOL'S OUT LP and PAIN 7" (Recess, San Pedro/ Thrift Store and Slovenly, Reno)

If there were a modern punk rock hall of fame, THE SPITS would be crowned kings. You'd be hard-pressed to find someone who is into garage/pop-punk and doesn't just just adore this band. Both with trend-hopping hipsters and jaded punk fans, THE SPITS are loved, unanimously.

Who's to say they haven't earned it? Aside from all the tales of them being the craziest band both on and off stage, they've been at it for ten plus years now, and haven't swayed anyone along the way. While the band are known for their brand of humour and party-punk, School's Out is probably their most mature record to date, without breaking the classic mold. 'Tonight' and 'Police' are classic examples that THE SPITS can still deliver. Shit, it might even be their best record thus far.

This band is just plain fun. With that in mind, if you don't own the SLOVENLY seven inch, Pain, that came out alongside the LP, you're seriously missing out cuz 'Beat You Up' and 'Army Life' are probably the best tracks from the whole pack. **NOT SHITTY**_{SA}

STEVE ADAMYK - BETTER OFF 7" (Red Lounge Records, Germany)

Okay, so I got this friend...we'll call him Bleve Bladamyk. He was in the MILLION DOLLAR MARXISTS and now he's in SEDATIVES, and he looks kinda like Justin Bieber 14 years, 75 katrillion beers and 928 nights spent smoking cigarettes instead of sleeping, later. I like to make fun of him a lot and I'm actually really awesome at it. I'm not even bragging, I just am. One time, me and Dave Secretary made him believe his entire record collection was smashed (that actually got really out-of-hand and turned into an awful night; no one's ever seen Steve — shit, I mean Bleve — that pissed before or since).

Anyway, here's my problem: Bleve — FUCK! I mean Steve! No wait, I mean Bleve. Bleve has a new 7" out (it's his second one) of his solo powerpop garage-punk stuff and it is fucking UNTOUCHABLE. Shit is so good. Especially one of the b-sides, 'Satellite'. If, by the end of this god-forsaken year, that track doesn't end up on my 'top ten tracks of the year' list, I'll stick my tongue in one of Bruce Valanche's stomach folds. This song is basically party in a can. It's stoke juice. It's fast, it's short, it's got killer organ lines and vocal hooks, and it'll stay in your brain with the same welcome permanency as the memory of the first time you saw a girl naked. It is PERFECT. Fans of JAY REATARD and JOE JACKSON alike are gonna be happy with this whole 7".

So my problem is: will all this respect and reverence I have for my anonymous friend's awesome new 7" hamper my ability to relentlessly call him things like "pervert" or "retard"? If it does, I'll just stand in front of the bathroom mirror and slap my face a bunch, yelling shit at mirror-me like "are you a MAN...or a MOUSE?!" SLAP! **NOT SHITTY**

A review of the album's artwork: Amazing! Just like for the first one, design for this second STEVE ADAMYK offering comes courtesy of local graphic artist/punk Kenneth J MacLaurin. The front is an awesome '60s comic-book style (think Roy Lichtenstein) drawing of a cute girl passed out contentedly at the bar, her hand still wrapped around the bottle, cigarette still smoking in the ashtray. An appropriately 60s lounge-y type font and colour scheme caps things off, front and back. This is great album art. If you see this on the wall at your local shop, you're gonna pick it up and have a look. **NOT SHITTY**_{BJ}

TEENAGE BOTTLEROCKET - THEY CAME FROM THE SHADOWS LP (Fat Wreck Chords, San Francisco)

The progressive life of a punk rock band is a strange phenomenon. The bands that don't break up either seem to end up completely overhauling their sound, or they become full-time touring bands, rehashing the same old tunes that they've been hanging on to since their "early stuff" when they were "better".

TEENAGE BOTTLEROCKET definitely fall closer to the latter example; however, it almost shouldn't apply, since they're still a relatively new band in that sense. This isn't entirely accurate either, since They Came From The Shadows is technically their fourth LP. Point being, these are all punk rock veterans, playing in a somewhat newer incarnation that has been fairly prolific with their releases in the past five years.

Prior to this output, Cody spent his time cutting his teeth in the ever legendary, LILLINGTONS, who never achieved major success, yet have had a cult following in the underground pop-punk scene

since the late 90's. Even though TBR have struck it large with this FAT WRECK CHORDS deal, to many, they remain shadowed by Cody's previous work. That isn't to say that BOTTLEROCKET haven't been more successful, because they have. That said, you'd be hard pressed to find an older BOTTLEROCKET fan that didn't start on the LILLINGTONS. Regardless, Fat Mike seems to have given 'em a chance, and it appears to be working.

Both live, and on record, this band is a well greased, almost robotic, machine. In all honesty, they're technically (musically speaking) the most skilled pop punk band around today. Their tight, clockwork drumming, slick guitar leads and catchy harmonies are sharp enough to impress even the worst critics.

They Came From The Shadows isn't a departure from their previous records in any way. Consistency has never been their real flaw. However, there are few tracks on this record that could be considered hits, compared to Total and Warning Device. It's solid, yet few songs are memorable. Lyrical content is where the record really falls short, though. Either TBR are intentionally trying to dumb down their songs even further to appeal to a younger crowd, or they're just not trying. At all. For a band that can cast magical pop punk spells of classic hits, this record must've been written in five minutes, because it really doesn't seem like they're trying anymore.

Again, it's the lyrics that really get to me, and that's from a big fan of the primitive style of songwriting that makes pop-punk so loveable. The lyrics on this album are beyond cliché — they're just plain embarrassing at times, not to mention being sung by a band now in their 30's. It's tough to be hard on these guys like this, but it's only because I know they're capable of much, much more. **KINDA SHITTY**_{SA}

VARIOUS ARTISTS - BLOODSTAINS ACROSS ALBERTA 7" compilation (Mammoth Cave, Calgary)

This compilation is brought to us by Paul Layton (MOBY DICKS, MYELIN SHEATHS) via MAMMOTH CAVE RECORDING where most of the songs were recorded. The idea here is Alberta punk bands writing one minute songs about everything that's fucked up and/or shitty about Alberta. Apparently this thing got funding from the government. If so, nice work!

I fucking loved TENSION SLIPS' 'Head Smashed In At Buffalo Jump' from the first listen. Such a straight-up, well put-together, surfy-dance-party tune. Apparently they've never even played the song in the same room at the same time. No surprise it comes to us from the same genius no-miss duo of Faggotty Andy and Sarah Barfman Ford or whatever the fuck those two nogoodniks who brought us the FUN FUNS and ZEBRASSIERES are calling themselves

nowadays.

There are some serious standouts right away, but that doesn't mean others don't grow on you like lice in a buttcrack. MOBY DICK's 'Frostbite' is awesomeness. GROWN-UPS' 'Alberta Weekend', about touring with B-LINES and NU SENSAS, is a total singalong.

Some of the recordings are done by Ryan Sadler (SUB-LINGUALS), like the TOPLESS MONGOS stellar primal opener. I actually really enjoyed every one of these snack-sized tidbits. Except FIST CITY's 'Death/Methbridge' which is irritating, stressful and made me grind my teeth...hey!

Sophisticated vocal melodies come up consistently in this collection of recordings. Although I totally generalized and lumped all these bands under the punk moniker as I've been known to do for anything that I even remotely like, even shit that is clearly not, like Smurf cereal... I would say it's more proper to say "garage"...you know, that other over-used term that lumps together all that is good and lo-fi... each band brings a unique flavour yet works together seamlessly. **NOT SHITTY**

A review of the album's artwork:
An ultra-high contrast newsprint-style image of a woman on her knees looking up at the looming silhouette of Alberta. It's fucking creepy. **NOT SHITTY**_{MC}

VIRGIN WITCH - s/t 7" (Free Cake, South Orange, NJ)

It's a good thing this 7" is one-sided cuz if it weren't, no one would ever listen to the first track, 'Nail Of Dicara'. The first track is evil and all, with seething death-metal vocals and dark, heavy guitars, but it's real slow; about the only payoff is the occasional low-speed drum fill to cymbal crash, but then it doesn't go anywhere. It's boring. It reminds me of KAHNATE. But as an extended intro to the second track, it works perfectly to build up the tension and anticipation for the ass-kicking you come to expect from 'Sight Beyond Sight'.

It's like on 'Nail Of Dicara', the band's a caged beast, slowly pacing back and forth, nostrils flared and red eyes glaring at everybody beyond its prison bars. And the sustained feedback that bridges it to track two is the moment something fucks up and the beast breaks free, exploding out of the cage. That second track, 'Sight Beyond Sight', is the soundtrack to the gore-filled rampage that follows as the beast tears through the village, smashing through brick wall and human alike. Between the throat-shredding vocals, the hammering bass, crashing drums and rocket-fuelled guitar solo, this shit is UNSTOPPABLE.

Nobody's playing like a pussy on this two minute thrash/speed metal assault. If you like your music sounding like people died trying to capture it on

record, order this shit. So good. I hope their future releases stay on the fast and vicious side. **NOT SHITTY**_{BJ}

WAKA FLOCKA FLAME - LEBRON FLOCKA JAMES 2 internet mix tape (self-released)

This guy is a certified wild man! He has money on his mind and if you get in his way he will probably break your face in two while shaking his dreads and mugging in your girl's direction.

He doesn't give a fuck and that's pretty much all he talks about on this mix tape. A lot of shit has happened to this guy in the past year and he talks about it all: from who he rolls with ('Bricksquad Trappin' feat. OJ Da Juiceman) to what he does in his spare time ('Murder And Drug Dealing') to the chain snatching that occurred at some car wash in Atlanta half a year ago ('Intro Part 2'). He also spends most of another track inviting the would-be robber back to either finish the job or kill him. That song is based on a sample of the song 'School' by NIRVANA.

I'm a huge fan of the internet mix tape game because you get to hear some weird shit like skits that don't involve the rappers at all and in-between-song shout outs. This tape was compiled by the DJs over at TRAP-A-HOLICS and they let you know with sound clips of The Movie Announcer Voice Guy saying stuff like "Trap-A-Holics. Real trap shit." and "Damn, son. Where'd you find this?" over and over at different speeds. It is a pretty good tension breaker because listening to FLOCKA makes me ready to tear some shit up in the worst way. This mix tape is good to listen to before you gotta do something you don't want to do like going to court because of some kid that's not even your son. **NOT SHITTY**

A review of the album's artwork: I believe that what is happening on the front cover actually happened for a day in real life and Waka Flocka Flame just spent the day walking around in a basketball player's uniform dribbling a ball because Murder Man Flocka is crazy like that. He reminds me of how angry Jeezy was when he first came out except this guy is skinny and he hates Young Jeezy. **NOT SHITTY**_{CSM}

WALNUT KIDS - CAN'T STAND 'EM 7" (Going Gaga, Ottawa)

GENIE: Alright, so whaddya want?

ME: Well, I'm throwing a party tonight, and I want it to be fun and cool, so I wanna throw on a record that'll impress people and make the party good. Could you make THE REAL KIDS and THE BUZZCOCKS get together to form a supergroup that sounds like the best elements of both of them? Y'know, dirty rock n roll with plenty of punch and speed to it? That'd be my wish.

GENIE: Okay, well, those guys are all pretty busy with wives and kids — shit,

maybe GRANDkids — and jobs and errands probably... is it alright if I just take a bunch of young french-Canadian guys and have them play something that SOUNDS a lot like what that would sound like?

ME: Yeah, okay I guess. I don't see anything wrong with that. **NOT SHITTY**_{BJ}

WHEN PEOPLE USE THE WORD 'JOURNEY' TO DESCRIBE ANYTHING THAT'S NOT ACTUALLY A PHYSICAL TRIP FROM ONE GEOGRAPHIC LOCATION TO ANOTHER, BUT RATHER SOME KIND OF EMOTIONAL EXPERIENCE OR SOME OTHER BULLSHIT

Ugh. **SHITTY**_{BJ}

THE WHITE WIRES - POGO TIL I PUKE TONIGHT b/w DON'T CALL ME WHEN YOU'RE ILL 7" (Ugly Pop, Toronto)

File this one under 'do I really have to review this?', cuz I don't see what the point is. Don't get me wrong, I'm stoked they gave me a free copy of this awesome new 7", so I'M a winner in this deal, but I really don't see what the WHITE WIRES or UGLY POP RECORDS are getting out of it. One more review drooling all over Ottawa's garage pop idols on their road to world domination? They don't need that; this thing sells itself. ANYTHING these guys release sells itself.

To put how awesome this band is into perspective for you, THE WHITE WIRES were the only Canadian band to play GONERFEST 6. They were also (I think) the only Canadian band to play the ATLANTA MESS-AROUND. So GONER and ROB'S HOUSE, two of the BEST garage labels in the world, are on these guys' jock. After hearing that, if you're into garage, you're either rushing to check these guys out or you're already going nuts for them — there's no third option. Their resumé speaks for these guys way better than any review could.

If you like catchy melodic garage punk, you are probably gonna go apeshit over these guys, that's all there is to it. But I might as well try to earn my free 7", so here goes: This 7" offers up two new WHITE WIRES classics with everything you've come to expect from them. I'm talking about no-bullshit pop songs served up bloody and raw. RIDICULOUSLY catchy harmonies efficiently cranked-out by three pizza-fuelled cavepeople; basement-lurking kids everywhere have two solid new WHITE WIRES party anthems to add to the pile. **NOT SHITTY**_{BJ}



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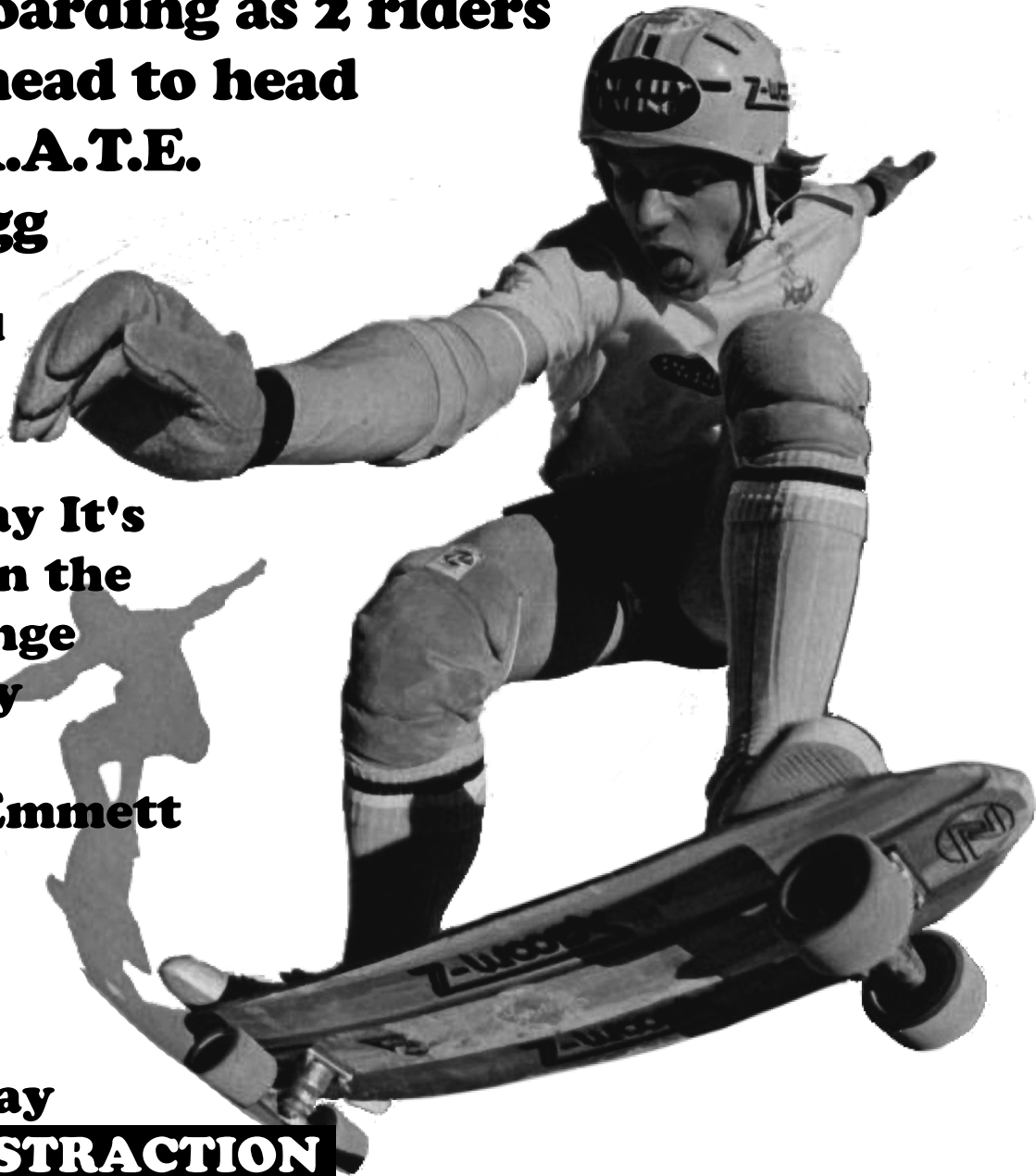
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